

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
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Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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## Crumbs of Comfort

Motives are better than actions.  
Wisdom is the right use of knowledge.  
Morality is but the vestibule of religion.  
Keep cool and you command everybody.  
Solitude is the audience chamber of God.  
We are never like angels until our passions die.

Measure your mind's height by the shadow it casts.

The good need fear no law;  
It is his safety and the bad man's awe.  
—Massinger.

Heaven must be in us before we can be in heaven.

Delicacy is to the mind what fragrance is to the fruit.

When a man knows what he is he will know why he is.

Riches are not an end of life, but an instrument of life.

Sincerity is the face of the soul, as dissimulation is the mask.

Justice is the bread of the nation; it is always hungry for it.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
—Pope.

To have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.

Absence in love is like water upon a fire; a little quickens, but much extinguishes.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or forgiving another.

Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping without mending the leak.

If the sinner grapples with sin in his own strength, the devil knows he may go to sleep.

If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful beyond compare,  
Will Paradise be found.  
—Montgomery.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of her child.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Accuracy of statement is one of the first requisites of truth; inaccuracy is a near kin to falsehood.

Pleasures, like glowworms, afar off shine bright,  
But looked too near have neither heat nor light.  
—John Webster.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.

"What is eternity?" was asked of a deaf and dumb pupil, and his striking answer was: "It is the lifetime of the Almighty."

Men might go to heaven with half the labor they put forth to go to hell, if they would but venture their industry in the right way.

Angels may have a wider sphere of action than ourselves, and nobler forms of duty, but truth and right, and to them and to us, are one and the same thing.

## A Few Words by the Editor

OCTOBER is here, and the Storm King will soon be holding us in his icy grip. Already the logs are blazing on the hearth and the long evenings spent in their cheerful glow, give us time to enjoy the work of our favorite authors and magazines. Now is the time that COMFORT comforts, cheers and entertains. Don't miss a copy, for COMFORT this winter will be better than ever before. Thousands of homes have never known COMFORT's cheery influence and helpfulness. You know such homes—they are on every hand. Take compassion on COMFORTLESS homes and tell them how COMFORT can be obtained for fifteen cents a year. The people who would go without COMFORT when it can be secured for the trifling price of fifteen cents a year, must have determined to beat out with the world, and to go through life disgruntled misanthropes. Friends, preach the gospel of comfort and good cheer, and remember the chief exponent of that joyous doctrine, is the magazine whose name is COMFORT. Remember if you subscribe now you can get the magazine until January, 1909, for fifteen cents. Fourteen copies mailed to your home for a little over one cent a copy. You can surely spare a cent a month for the best magazine in the world. Even this trifling outlay can be saved and turned into profit, if you will consult our superb premium lists. Study this list and note the article you want, and you can earn it in an hour's easy work. Read what Mrs. Ennis of Narcoossee, Fla. did in a few hours between mealtimes. Mrs. Ennis, by a lucky chance, got a sample copy of COMFORT. COMFORT and she had never met before. She hadn't grown up with COMFORT as most of you have, but had only the contents of that one sample copy to fire her enthusiasm. She looked through that copy and it set her warm kindly heart aglow. She didn't care a rap for premiums. She hadn't a single selfish motive. Quite the reverse, for she felt it was her duty to put COMFORT into the hands of everyone of her neighbors for the sake of the good it would do them, and what is most important, what she set out to do, she did. She got twenty-one new subscribers in an hour, and she also induced each one to join the League of Cousins, of which they knew nothing, and for which privilege they had to pay an extra five cents. No premiums are given for subscriptions that include League membership, as the running of the League entails such a vast amount of detail work and expense that premiums are out of the question. However, Mrs. Ennis saw that the League was doing a great work, and she determined all her friends must join it—and they did. She brought in twenty-one new League members in a batch, which is, as she says, "going some," and establishes a record. Turn to page seventeen of our August issue and read of Mrs. Ennis' good work and try to catch some of her splendid enthusiasm, and you can easily obtain results as fruitful as hers, and those results will accrue to you if you will examine our premium lists. The young folks can take up this profitable work, if the older ones are busy. COMFORT speaks for itself, and in the hands of child or grown up, it brings immediate results, for it is not only the cheapest but the very best and most helpful magazine of its kind in the whole world.

The sending of the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific is an act that every one will commend, as it is dictated by common sense, and is a precautionary measure against attacks on our Western coast, which, in the absence of a strong fleet, is very much at the mercy of a powerful and aggressive foe. The vessels ordered to the Pacific coast are as follows: Virginia, 14,948 tons, Missouri, 12,400 tons, Maine, 12,500 tons, Connecticut, 16,000 tons, Louisiana, 16,000 tons, Alabama, 11,522 tons, Rhode Island, 14,948 tons, New Jersey, 14,948 tons, Illinois, 11,522 tons, Kearsage, 11,522 tons, Kentucky, 11,522 tons, Ohio, 12,500 tons, Indiana, 10,288 tons, Iowa, 11,546 tons, Vermont, 16,000 tons, Minnesota, 16,000 tons.

In addition to these, several of our large huge cruisers will move into Western waters. The conveying of this great fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific has caused much comment, as it was feared in the present strained condition of our relations with Japan, this movement might be construed as a hostile act. However, as the fleet is simply moving into our own waters, no nation, if it has friendly feelings toward us, need feel alarmed. We have a right to protect our Pacific coast, and it is for coast protection alone that our fleet was created, not for aggression. The very weakness of our fleet in Pacific waters, and the defenseless condition of our Western coast, has doubtless made the Japanese jingo element regard us as an easy mark. With twenty battleships in the neighborhood of the Golden Gate, the position of this country, from a strategic and diplomatic point of view, will be greatly strengthened, and no one will want, without sober thinking, to attack us.

A strenuous fight is being made all over this country against consumption. Each city is taking up the work and engaging in a systematic tuberculosis crusade. Health departments issue advice and instruction to consumptives, and in New York old disused ferry boats have been anchored in the Hudson river, for the use of tubercular patients who cannot get fresh air in the stuffy tenements in which they live. On these ferry boats, trained nurses are on hand to care for the patients, and free nourishment, such as milk, eggs, etc., is provided and distributed at regular intervals of an hour or so daily. In St. Louis, the health department has issued the following circular to those suffering from lung trouble:

"You must live in the open air. If you can do so, fix up a tent in your yard, on the roof, or on your piazza, and spend your time there. Fresh air and sunlight kill the germ that causes your disease. You must get at least nine hours sleep at night. Better ten hours. The more you rest, the more you eat, the more you sleep, the more you stay out in the air and sunshine, the sooner will your body overcome the disease." The following diet is advised by the St. Louis board of health. It consists of six meals a day, and is as follows: "A glass of hot or cold milk on getting up in the morning. Breakfast, consisting of what you want, with two glasses of milk and one or two eggs. Lunch at ten A. M., a pint of milk and two eggs. Dinner, meat, vegetables, dessert, and a pint of milk. Lunch at three or four P. M., a pint of milk, and two eggs. Supper, whatever you like, with a glass or two of milk, and an egg or two." The first step towards the identification of the disease is the analysis of the sputum. All who have chronic coughs, and are losing weight should have their sputum examined by a bacteriologist. Test tubes for mailing the same can be secured from the druggist or board of health officer in any of our large cities. People who live with consumptives should remember that the disease is very easily communicable, and those afflicted with this terrible trouble, should use the utmost precaution, or they will quickly infect their loved ones and friends. The writer has seen a consumptive cough at the dinner table without turning his head, thus smothering the viands with the deadly germs of phthisis, which later are taken into the systems of all those present.

There are half a million persons in the United States afflicted with tuberculosis. The actual loss in earning capacity of this vast number of people amounts to one hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars yearly. Of all the people dying between the age of 15 and 60, tuberculosis kills nearly one third. By sensible, scientific, hygienic treatment, combined with plenty of fresh air, rest, and good nourishment, consumption will be eventually stamped out. It is already on the decrease. This is probably due to the fact that we know how to handle it, and that people live better; have better dwellings, and sanitation, and have a better and more nourishing diet than they had formerly.

One more word of advice to consumptives. The majority of us do not know how to breathe. We do not as a rule use more than a third of our lung capacity. If we knew how to breathe and did breathe as God intended us to, there would be no consumption. By deep-breathing exercises alone the chest measurement can be increased from one to two inches in a very short time. Deep-breathing strengthens the lungs. A society is being formed in New York to start a deep breathing crusade, and to educate people upon this vitally important matter, a matter of which the majority of us are profoundly ignorant. Mrs. Emily Noble has written a book called "Method for the Millions," and it can be obtained free, by addressing her at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York City. This book has been endorsed by the international Congress on tuberculosis. Mrs. Noble went to India to teach the Hindoos how to be well; but instead of teaching them, they taught her. Mrs. Noble discovered that in India, where sanitary conditions are terrible, and the people are underfed, that diseases of the head, chest and throat are almost unknown. This is because the Hindoos know how to breathe. They breathe rhythmically, and use their entire lung capacity. Mrs. Noble says: "By deep breathing, the lungs eliminate thirty per cent. of the waste material of the body in the form of poisonous vapor, which is constantly generating in the system through its electro-chemic processes. There are only two sources of life, food and air, and breath controls them both." Respiratory exercises and correct breathing are absolute preventives of pulmonary troubles. Prevention is better than cure. To be able to resist disease is better than to conquer it. Probably in another year, the deep-breathing crusade will have made its influence felt in every quarter of the land. We have no doubt that correct breathing will be taught, and become a part of the curriculum of every schoolhouse in the United States, and we cheerfully do our part in extending a knowledge of this vastly important work.

Your friend,  
Comfort's Editor.

## Current Topics

It is reported in Mandarin circles that the Ministry of Finance has decided to make a trial of the gold standard in China, which is to go into effect about the end of 1908.

The latest appeal for the raising of the Maine from the mud of Havana harbor comes from the Spanish war veterans who ask the President to urge the matter upon Congress.

A tablet has been put up in Salisbury Cathedral, England, in memory of the twenty-eight persons, mostly Americans, who were killed in a railroad accident at Salisbury in July of last year.

Miss Kathleen Leupp, daughter of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will leave Washington this month to spend some time among the Indian tribes. She will study their racial characteristics and will specialize on those of Indian womanhood.

Among the recent discoveries is the use of electricity in producing anesthesia, which it is declared will replace ether and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greatest discoveries in the history of medical science.

The southern half of the great cantilever bridge across the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, which was begun in 1900 and was to be finished in 1909, at a cost of \$10,000,000, collapsed Aug. 29th. Seventy-nine of the 90 who were carried into the river with wreckage perished.

Six years ago to the day and hour of the funeral of President McKinley the transfer of the President's casket was made from White lawn cemetery to the receptacle in the great mausoleum erected in Canton, Ohio, to contain the dead bodies of the President and his wife.

The old Saratoga, built at the navy yard, Kittery, Maine, in 1842, has been stricken from the naval register and will be sold. The Saratoga was sent to the Orient after the Mexican War, and joined the fleet of Commodore Perry, who had gone to Japan to deliver the famous letter which opened Japan to the outside world.

Every effort is being made to complete for the "Little Church Around the Corner," New York, a mortuary chapel in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the death of the congregation's founder, the Rev. Dr. George Hendrie Houghton. Dr. Houghton died November 17, 1897, after forty-nine years devoted to the church he called into being.

## TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



### The Force of Vegetation

A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is reported. Some half-hardy annuals were sown in a frame in a garden at Beckenham, England. Some days afterwards signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block, weighing in the aggregate one and one half hundred pounds was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found, three pounds, three ounces in weight, growing in the center of the wall.

### About Music

Music is one of the grandest accomplishments a man can have. It is a language by which we express feelings and emotions too fine and subtle for words. But it is rank folly to suppose every boy has musical talent and it is rank injustice to compel a lad without aptitude for music to spend long hours in dreary practice. There are thousands of ways of profitably employing the youngster's time, not the least of which is romping in God's open sunshine. Boys, study your own abilities, and if you have special talent for any line cultivate it to the fullest extent.

### Something of a Building

"The man who lives in the one story house of two or three rooms," said the architect, "don't have any conception of what a really big building is. The biggest one on earth, used as a habitable place, is the new double structure in New York which will be the terminal of the McAdoo tunnel system under the Hudson river. It will be 22 stories high, will contain 4,000 offices, and will house 10,000 persons. It is estimated that 1,000 people a minute will pass through its halls, or about 600,000 a day. Thirty-nine elevators will carry people upstairs. The total area of all the floors will be 987,000 square feet, or about 23 acres. The ground area is about 70,000 square feet. Sixteen and a half million brick will be used, 4,500 tons of terra cotta, 5,200 doors, 5,000 windows, 500,000 square yards of plastering, 113 miles of electric wiring and 29 miles of steam pipe. It will be lighted by 30,000 incandescent lights attached to 13,000 fixtures. It will cost anywhere from five to seven millions. Nobody really can understand what a big building is until he sees one of these huge structures, and every year one goes up bigger than any of its predecessors. What the limit is, and there must be one, no architect has yet said."

### The W. U. Telegraph Company

"Some of the people of this great country have never seen an automobile, and perhaps there are some who have not yet seen a locomotive," said a man of good appearance, "but I don't suppose there is anybody with eyesight who has not seen a telegraph pole with its wire running away into the distance and practically stringing the whole world together. Yet in the memory of a good many people, still able to do a day's work, time was when there was no such thing as a telegraph wire. Now most of it is owned by the Western Union, and that big organization is this year celebrating the fiftieth year of its existence. The first telegraphic message ever sent was from Baltimore to Washington in 1840. Within the next ten years more than fifty telegraph companies were trying to do business. In 1851 the New York and Mississippi Valley Telegraph Company with a capital of \$360,000 was organized at Rochester, N. Y. to build a line of two wires from Buffalo, N. Y. to St. Louis, Mo., but only enough money was secured to build a one wire line part of the way, and the capital was reduced to \$170,000, the original capital of the Western Union. The N. Y. and Mississippi, with a debt of \$15,000 was in better shape than any of the competing companies, and it began to work for a union of them all. This it succeeded in doing with a number, and it was reorganized in 1856 as the Western Union Telegraph Company. The companies not joining with the W. U. were divided into six systems, each working a different part of the country. Prior to 1861 the government felt the need of a line across the continent, and all the telegraph companies were consulted. None would bid on the line with the small help the government offered, except the W. U. which undertook the job and strung the wires in four months. The Civil War following in that year made business so good that the W. U. took the land and gradually began gathering in all competing companies. In 1864 the U. S. Tel. Co. was the only competitor, and in 1866 this was absorbed. Thus in fifteen years the W. U. rose from a company with 550 miles of wire to the possessor of 75,000 miles. Since that time it has gone on growing at a wonderful rate as the demands made by the growing country compelled it, and today it has 200,224 miles of poles and cables, 1,184,457 miles of wire, 23,814 offices, and sends 67,477,320 messages a year. With its increase has come a decrease in price of sending messages, so that a ten word message from New York to Portland, Oregon, which once cost \$10.20 now costs but a dollar, and to Washington from 75 cents to 25 cents; to Denver, Col., from \$7 to 75 cents; Santa Fe, N. M., from \$10.50 to 75 cents; and the average toll per message from \$1.04 cents in 1866 has gone down to 31.6 cents. There are 10,000 stockholders.

"In recent years the Postal Telegraph Company has been organized in opposition to the W. U. and it has 53,476 miles of poles, with 305,295 miles of wire and 22,000 offices. The United States leads the world in the number of messages sent per year, with 100,000,000, and the total number of messages sent every year by all the countries of the world is about five hundred million, or about a million three hundred thousand a day. The highest priced message to any part of the world from New York City is \$1.60 a word to Brazil, interior. To most European countries it is 25 cents a word. To the Philippines we pay \$1.12 cents a word, and to Alaska, from \$2.50 to \$5, for a message of ten words. No rate lower than 25 cents a message is made, except on local city messages where 20 cents is charged."



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochete r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2. over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## A Christmas Box

**T**HIS month I want to tell you all of the many attractive Christmas things which were the result of one practical woman's work since last July.

She decided to take the advice given in the department last fall and begin her Christmas gifts early enough this year, and have plenty of time to leisurely carry out her plans. I recently had the pleasure of looking over her big box full of dainty articles all ready for the labels.

As soon as the summer sewing was finished she made her Christmas list of names, and opposite each put the name of the article that she thought she might give to that person. She found that to several she could give the same thing, so planned to make up three or four at the same time. For instance: she had three brothers to whom she decided to give ties and sleeve elastics. For the ties she bought thirty-two inches of nice soft silk, in changeable navy blue. This she cut into three strips, lengthwise—it being eighteen inches wide. The ends of the ties were to be two and one half inches wide, for a distance of seven inches on either end, and the remaining space between one inch wide—so she doubled the silk; for the narrow strips that goes under collar and cut into about one half inch, on the raw edges; then she turned in all the edges and ends, basted them and then stitched where she had basted on machine. No lining was used. These were to be tied in a tight, double bow knot, and worn with turn-over collar—our illustrations Fig. 1 and 2 show the shape of tie flat, and when tied. These three ties cost her only seventy-five cents, but equalled any regular fifty cent tie, and being made of especially selected soft and durable silk would wear much longer.

For the arm elastics she got two yards of light blue silk elastic, three fourths of an inch wide, and made up four pairs. Each had a tiny rosette of the same colored satin ribbon to cover where the ends were joined. (See Fig. 3.)

Then being of an original turn of mind, for brothers and neighbors she made of cardboard, cloth and ribbon a rack for shaving supplies.

These she cut in the shape of a derby, covered each neatly with dark silk, and finished one side with a plain band of ribbon and the wording as shown in illustration Fig. 4. On the opposite side she arranged the paper and ribbon bands for holding the razor and brush. See Fig. 5.

The minister was to be remembered with a sermon case in which to keep his manuscripts. This was made of a delicate shade of lilac or lavender, and decorated with embroidered lilies. The words were worked in a deep purple and the bands in gold, or ribbon could be utilized for these, by sewing on flat. The lining was white and ribbon straps formed separate compartments for different sermons.

Between the cover and lining stiff cardboard was inserted. This case was eighteen by twenty-one inches when finished, but, of course, when folded over was only half the size.

Next she got a yard of fine sheer handkerchief linen and cut it into nine inch squares, drew the threads and hemstitched the hems all around. She bought narrow, fine lace in-

sertion and edge to match, by the piece, and sewed this to the linen, over and over, —the insertion first, straight, turning the corners carefully and neatly, and the lace to the insertion, fulling enough to make a scant ruffle.

The handkerchiefs made beautiful gifts for her sisters and lady friends, and by buying material for several at once she saved considerable, particularly on the lace, which is much less by the piece.

## Fancy Aprons

Aprons are much appreciated, particularly the small, dainty, fancy aprons, which are

rather expensive to buy. For these she got muslin with a tiny pink rosebud scattered over it; this was less expensive than the plain white muslin, and made much prettier aprons unless one could use a good deal of lace. For the rose-sprinkled apron no lace was used. The pattern she used makes an apron about three fourths of a yard deep and two thirds of a yard wide, including a ruffle. Our illustration Fig. 6 shows the style. To give the ruffled effect at bottom, a rounding slit is cut, six inches from the bottom and the same distance from each side. The part below this slit is cut in two, to allow putting in about a half yard of muslin the same width. After this has been inserted the whole is gathered to the apron proper, and a narrow bias band is stitched on to cover raw edges. A ruffle plain muslin apron, Fig. 6, on the straight, four inches wide and twice the length of outer edge of apron, is cut and hemmed, gathered



THE RAZOR AND BRUSH. FIG. 5.

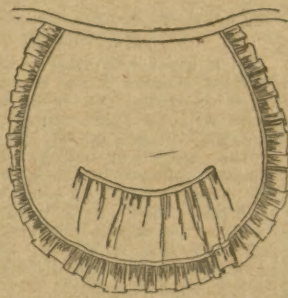
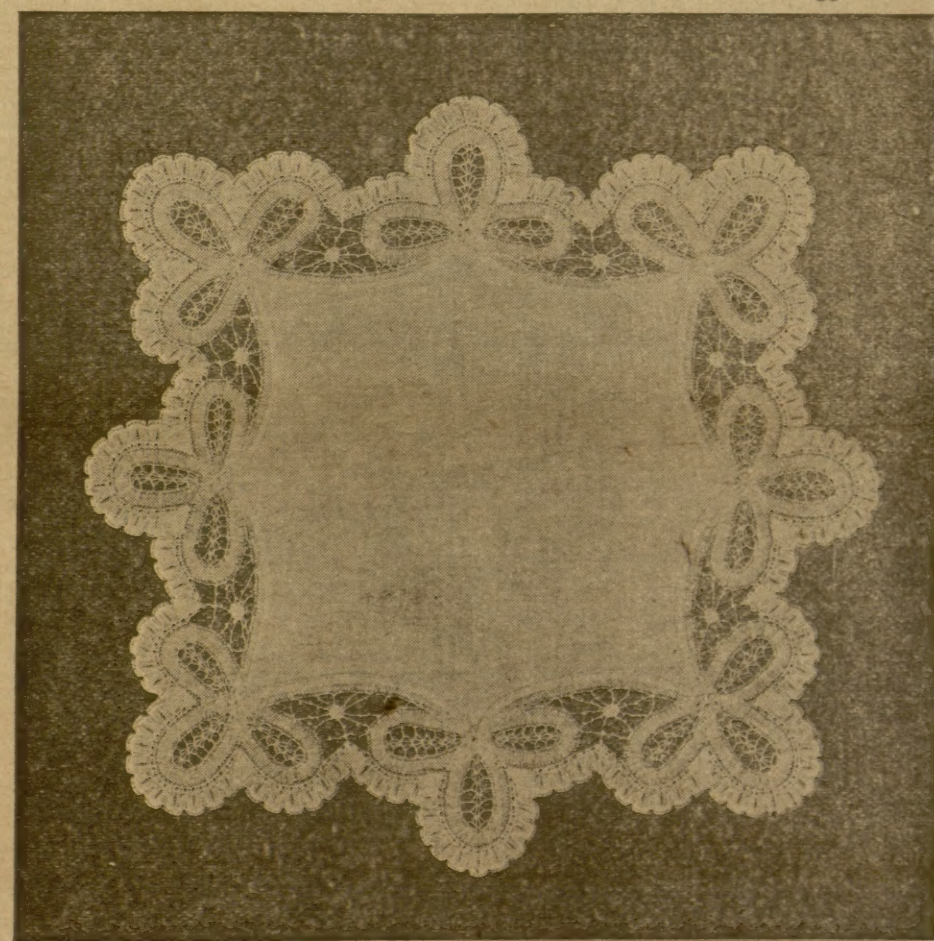


FIG. 6. THE RAZOR AND BRUSH. FIG. 5.



PRINCESS LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

By Mrs. Lydia P. Eckle.

and attached to edge of apron, and finished at top by narrow bias band stitched on both sides. A double belt, one inch wide, is attached at top, and strings three inches wide, hemmed on ends and sides, are attached to ends of belt.

For aprons upon which she didn't care to put much work, she bought the large fancy bandanas, so popular just now for aprons and kimonas. She made these up cornerwise, using one corner for a bib, and taking in the fullness to make it fit the waist, with narrow tucks—she used ribbon belts and long ends for these, of a color to match the handkerchief. (See Fig. 7.)

## A Comfort Motto

Some of these mottoes I made last year and they are very pretty and quite ornamental.



DOTTED BANDANA. FIG. 7.

This design also makes a fine center quilt block for a friendship quilt. It can be applied either horizontally or obliquely, or the

word can be outlined in red on a white background.

I have also used this word and the key for the center of a rug. I pulled in the letters in red, the key in gray, and the rest in dark green, and when done the rug was much admired.

## A Crocus Pincushion

Cushions like the illustration were most dainty and surely are suggestive of spring. They were very natural and would brighten up any dressing case all through the dreary winter days.

The foundation was a small well-filled bran cushion, to the top of which was sewed the blossoms formed of the lawn scraps left from the floral bags.

The covering for the cushion was of green silk, very thin wire being used to outline each leaf to keep them upright. Silk ravelings were caught in the bottom to represent the roots.

The box also contained many smaller articles, which can be even more easily made. I will tell you of these next month.

Begin your Christmas things now and then when the eventful season arrives see what a sense of relief you will experience, with nothing to do but drag out your article and start them off.

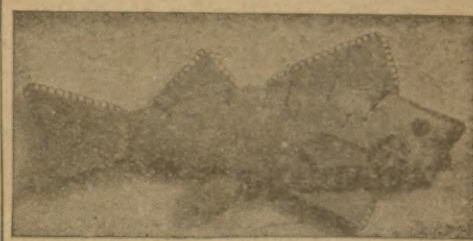
J. E. E. comes with some suggestions for



CROCUS PINCUSHION.

## A Fish Pincushion

This little fish was very cute and nicely made but as will be noticed, the fins should have been just reversed, or put on so they would slope backwards.



A FISH PINCUSHION.

Cut the body of the fish and the tail all together, and in between the seams set the fins, which should be made of double silk.

After the fish is well stuffed, work the mouth and gills with silk and sew on beads for eyes.

Finish all edges with buttonhole stitch, drawn down loosely so as to make loops.

## A Heart-shaped Sofa Pillow

Several of these covers were made up of pink and white, blue and white, and yellow and



HEART-SHAPED PILLOW COVER.

white lawn. A yard of the colored and one half yard of white being used for each cover. Cut two large hearts of the colored lawn (hers were eighteen inches in diameter), and on one put small hearts of white about four and one half inches in diameter, and applique these down neatly, then finish with a ruffle of colored lawn under a white ruffle, which has been edged with ribbon of the same shade.

These pillows were very dainty, and the shape is one of the latest.

## Floral Flower Bag

These bags were another novelty—a dainty gift, planned for flower-loving friends. The bag really consists of six small bags, all the same size, sewed together around a circle and caught together at the sides.

For each bag different shades of lawn were selected; if pink, the lining must be of a much deeper pink, and so with all the colors chosen. Allow a deep frill at the top of each bag, then make your casing and run in ribbons to match the colors used.

When the various bags are drawn up the whole looks indeed like a garland of flowers, and a fitting case for seeds till the spring planting.



FLORAL FLOWER BAG.

## Princess Lace Handkerchief

This beautiful handkerchief was made and submitted by Mrs. Lydia P. Eckle, an old COMFORT contributor.

We cannot supply patterns for making this handkerchief, but illustrate it, because the work is so beautifully done and the pattern so simple that most anyone can easily copy it.

## Emery Acorns

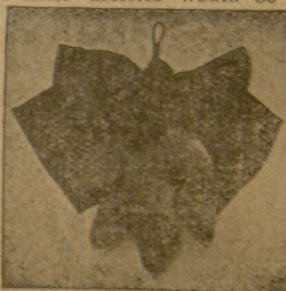
Miss Pattie Odum, a little shut-in, sent in the acorns here illustrated, and also the fish pincushion.

Either of these little articles would be a suitable Christmas gift especially for a person who is fond of sewing.

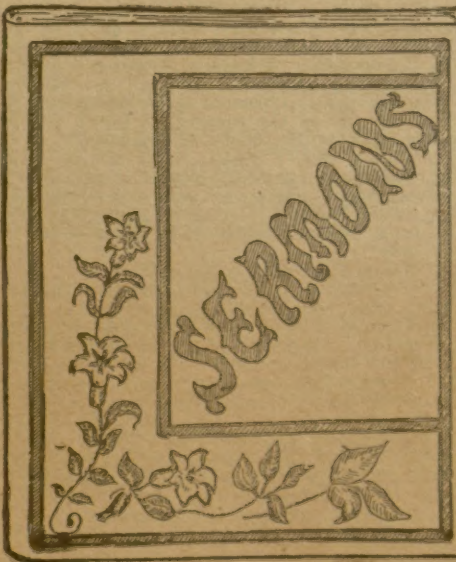
The acorns are formed of green velvet, with crocheted silk caps. To make each take two pieces of velvet one and one quarter inches long by one and one eighth inches wide, round off one end and sew up, put a drawing string in the top. Fill full with emery, then draw up, putting a piece of wire in each acorn for a stem.

Knit or crochet caps of green silk and sew them over the top of the cones and finish the rounded end with green French knots.

When all your acorns are ready, twist the wires together and make a loop for hanging up, then complete with a bow of brown or green ribbon.



EMERY ACORNS.



FOR THE MINISTER.

A mosquito netting nicely hemmed and having ribbons at each corner to tie it in place is also a convenient, useful article when baby is asleep.



# A SPECKLED BIRD

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and wily. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. At nine years of age she wants to know how old she must be before Eliza will tell her why her grandmother hates her father so.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Slowly disease weakens the proud woman. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. From that time Eliza dates the undivided attention she craves from her father. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspect the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace. From the day he first sees her he opens the empty temple of his heart.

## CHAPTER VII.

"TO HELP HIM EVEN IN TRIFLES IS MY LIFE."

"Of course, Mr. Herriott, you are vastly amused by my ambitious pretension."

"Why Mr. Herriott? And why assume amusement which I certainly have not expressed?"

"Not verbally; but I quite understand that look in your eyes, when by sheer force of will you hold your lips from smiling. Only courtesy keeps in check your contempt for our 'higher education.'"

"Eliza, be a little more just in your generalizations. If the education be really 'higher' and thorough, no reasonable man could afford to disparage it. You have spent the morning over volumes of tedious statistics, extracting figures on *ad valorem* and 'specific' schedules that only a custom-house clerk or a tariff expert could utilize by eliminating non-essentials and compiling valuable tables. Why waste this perfect day over metric puzzles—dekameter, hectoliter, myriagram?"

"Father wished the exact figures, and to work for him is my greatest pleasure."

"Do not confound motive and accomplishment. Your father's secretary would have collected the statistics in half the time and in a more satisfactory form, simply because he has been trained for such search, as dogs are taught to hunt truffles."

"Mr. Metcalf was needed in Washington, and as father has tried me sufficiently to trust the accuracy of my work, he asked me to make this investigation while I was in New York. Mr. Noel, to help him even in trifles is my very life; he is my world, my all."

"Mr. Herriott lifted his hat and bowed. 'Your devotion is beautiful and sacred, and Judge Kent should feel proud of the list of rivals he so successfully defies. Perhaps it has not yet occurred to him that in chaining yourself to his library desk you are restricted to sawdust diet.'"

"Varied now and then, you must admit, by banquets of opera, Germans, receptions, teas, theater parties, and the embassies. When I was working so hard at college I looked forward eagerly to 'coming out,' as to a magical door that would swing suddenly open into a wonderful world, where, because of new conditions, I should become a different person, and shed my girlish ideas as serpents slip their skins; but since the 'open sesame,' and I have 'arrived,' I seem to have lost nothing of the past, and my old, tiresome self is tyrannous as ever."

"Is social life in Washington disappointing?"

"That is scarcely the right term. Life is certainly very brilliant, and gay and panoramic, and I enjoy music and dancing, and some dinner parties; above all, I find keen pleasure in following a spirited debate in the House, or listening to speeches in the Senate, but sometimes I catch myself wondering if this is indeed all—the veritable kennel of society, politics, diplomacy, or merely the shell partly cracked. Life here and in Washington does not seem so absolutely real as it was at home at Nutwood."

They were driving in Central Park, and Eliza shared the front seat of the trap where Mr. Herriott held the reins of his spirited horses, and brought them down to a steady, rapid trot. It was a cold but sunny day in February, and as he laced his way in and out of the stream of vehicles, he and his companion were the theme of much comment from the passing throng. Fastidious in the matter of clothes, he was always remarkably well dressed, and at the two fashionable clubs to which he belonged he was generally regarded "as all around, the best looking member." The dark steel-blue gray eyes—with no hint of yellow—which his Scotch father gave him, lost something of their penetrating brilliance under the long jet lashes that, with black brows and thick clustering hair, his mother had contributed, and his naturally clear olive skin had been weather-tanned in various climates to a browner tint. In profile his face resembled a bronze medallion, and when he smiled his well-cut lips, that in repose seemed ominously thin, showed curves of rare beauty around a faultless set of teeth.

Gowned in a fur-trimmed cloth of hunter's green, Eliza wore a velvet toque of same hue, that failed to conceal the mass of golden-brown hair burnished by sunshine into the similitude of a white-oak leaf dyed in autumn. Under delicate, level brows, her large dark eyes were set rather far apart in an oval face whose exquisitely clear, pure pallor was

stained only by the healthy rich red of slender lips, that had a treacherous trick of quivering when any strong emotion stirred the depths of her heart. By the accepted canons of art and cultured taste her form and features had been adjudged "beautiful," and some great-grandmother of the far South had dowered her with a peculiar grace of movement, —not languid, nor sinuous, nor Delsartian—a natural idiosyncrasy that made the manner of her steps, the lifting of head and motion of hands, unlike other women's. Only one gift—most potent of all—had been withheld from her birthright; she was absolutely devoid of personal magnetism, and her habitual cold indifference approached haughtiness, that the world resented.

Sudden congestion in the line of equipages, stretching far ahead, had caused a temporary halt, and when the knot dissolved, and the impatient horses sprang forward once more, Eliza said:

"I thought you loved good music too well to lose last night's opera treat, and until the final act I expected you."

See first page illustration.

"Shall I flatter myself that even in the midst of the select party occupying my box you really missed me?"

"Certainly I missed you—all the more because some of them chattered, and you would have hushed the tattle."

"Am I so successful in the role of ogre as to overawe my guests in an opera box?"

"Your quiet way of setting an example of good breeding is sometimes contagious among thoughtless people."

"My lucky star is surely ascending; you have paid me two compliments, and I am puzzled to know whether I shall be expected to balance my account at *ad valorem* rates on the basis of your assessment or mine?"

"Oh, you and I established free trade long ago, and I can always tell you the truth without pausing to weigh words as do legation attaches, and as father does when wily lobbyists intercept him on his way from committee rooms. Mr. Noel, had you any special reason for absenting yourself? The lovely lilac orchids were, of course, far more ornamental in your empty chair, and you must not think me lacking in appreciation because I am so tardy in thanking you for them."

"An unexpected change in the date of a lecture given by one of my friends kept me away, when I had hoped to join you. As I had promised to attend, there was no alternative when a belated note informed me that last night had been selected for its delivery."

"Tell me about it."

"If I should so afflict you, most certainly you would vote me a bore, or fall asleep in self-defence."

"When you say that, you know curiosity always covets the forbidden."

"At your peril then! It was a monograph on the autochthonic origin of American races."

"You preferred that tiresome jargon to listening to a superb tenor solo?"

"In a way—yes. We all ride hobby-horses from the nursery to the cemetery, and it is merely a question of individual taste what blood strain or pedigree we choose. My racing stable is not so generously supplied as yours, which embraces colts of various breeds; reports of fisheries commissions, bounties, American tonnage from 10— to 18—, and a vast

"Sarcasm does not fit you becomingly, Mr. Noel; it hangs askew, like a clown's cap on a cowl. What have you registered your own special toy, that you canter so vigorously around the world? Is it called ethnology, or totemism, or anthropology?"

"When I have finished trying all its gait, and find the sum total satisfactory, I shall label it, and fit a comfortable side saddle and introduce you formally. Now, Miss Kent, come to confession. Did you see the list of passengers who arrived on yesterday's steamer from Liverpool?"

"I did not."

"Can you recollect a certain prophecy I made at Cowes, anent a handsome naval officer who entertained us at luncheon on his father's yacht?"

"Cassandra was a woman, and men should not trespass on the one feminine right of 'I told you so,' that has descended to us intact from Hecuba's daughter. But Mr. Noel, if you mean—"

Sue turned and looked up into his eyes.

"Yes, I met him this morning at the club, where Ogden introduced him, and I saved him a useless journey to Washington by telling him you were here for a few days."

"I can only say I am sorry to hear it."

"While he is in New York I must, in part, return the hospitality shown us, and your father will pay the remainder of the debt in Washington. I have arranged a dinner for this evening, and later we shall see 'Hamlet' then a supper afterward at Delmonico's. Will you join us at the theater, if I call for you, bringing Mrs. St. Clair as chaperon?"

"Thank you, I much prefer not to be one of the party; besides, I have a previous engagement. I am going with my cousin, Vernon Temple, to a meeting of shop girls, a sort of night school established by some of his lady friends."

"What class does he teach?"

"I believe he 'talks' now and then on 'feminine arts,' and tonight there will be a lecture on lacemaking and tapestry guilds, illustrated of course by a sketch of the inevitable Matilda and the indestructible 'Bayeux.' I am trying to classify this new cousin, who seems to me a queer blend of medieval monk, pre-Raphaelite reformer and socialist. He is altogether unlike anyone I ever knew, but his beautiful sad face reminds me of a picture I saw in Munich—a young priest administering the viaticum to his dying sweetheart, whom he forsook for holy orders."

Lowering his eyelids, Mr. Herriott glanced keenly at her.

"You find Temple wonderfully magnetic at times?"

"Scarcely that. 'Magnetic' implies so much and really explains so little. When I see his ceaseless struggle to keep the heel of his spirit on the neck of his flesh, it suggests a fanatical rebellion against that equivoque God saw fit to

establish. Like Joubert, 'he seems to be a soul that by accident met with a body, and tries to make the best of it.' My cousin Temple is fond of you."

"Despite much difference of opinion on many questions, our friendship has survived the storm and stress' period, and I honor a man whose battle cry for humanity is: 'Make trade a Christian possibility, and individual right no general wrong.'"

Have you noticed the expression of Mrs. Mitchell's face when they happen to meet?"

"Haven't I! It is too funny to see her narrow her eyes and look at him as if he were some unclassified beast whose method of pouncing on his prey had not yet been warningly advertised. She is convinced he is an ecclesiastical infernal machine trying to wreck our family orthodoxy. I asked him—"

She stopped suddenly at sight of two gentlemen approaching on horseback, and Mr. Herriott smiled, as he whispered:

"Lo! the second son of a duke!"

## CHAPTER VII.

"BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU TOUCH GIFTS BROUGHT TO HIM?"

In a quiet and unfrequented cross street—equally remote from the thronged thoroughfares of trade and from fashionable avenues lined with palaces—stood the low and unpretentious Chapel of St. Hyacinth, marked by neither spire nor belfry. The old stone front receded sufficiently from the pavement to permit a short flight of shallow steps that led to an arched door in a pillared portico with a cross on its pointed roof, which hung over the entrance like a sullen, frowning brow. A northeast wind came fitfully in hissing blasts, dashed with sleet; but when Eliza passed through the swinging inner door a warm atmosphere spiced with resinous incense unfolded her as in a fragrant mist through which glimmered brass lattice screens, rows of tall candles, the gilded carving of the white altar, laden with lilies, and the marble statue of the Virgin, at whose snowy feet a red light burned in a silver lamp. On each side of the wall below the brass lattice that barred the chancel was a "confessional" of dark wood surmounted by a cross, and the clustered lights in the center of the concave ceiling formed a crown.

On the right and left of the altar the white surpliced choristers filled several seats, and the quivering thunder of the organ ceased suddenly, as if to listen to the marvellous voice of the boy soloist, that swelled and rose as if the singer felt himself "hard by the gates of heaven." A slender child of ten years, grasping his music with waxen hands almost infantile in size, while his head, covered thickly with shining ripples of golden hair, was thrown back, and his blue eyes almost purplish, like a periwinkle, were raised in contemplation of the crown glowing above him. The colorless face was delicate and beautiful as if wrought out of ivory, and a certain pathetic sadness of expression inherent in fragile childhood was for the moment dominated by the radiant exultation of his wonderful eyes, that seemed made to dwell between the wings of a seraph.

Father Temple left the altar before which he had knelt in prayer, and advancing to the steps of the chancel, stood with one hand on the brass railing and briefly explained his unexpected presence. A telegram had summoned the rector of St. Hyacinth's to the deathbed of his father, and the request to officiate in his absence had been received too late to permit the preparation of a regular sermon; hence the patient indulgence of the congregation was invoked for some desultory remarks which might not prove entirely fruitless. After a few exordial sentences, he repeated slowly the o-ening ten verses from St. John xv., and waited a moment.

"For text let us consider: 'I am the true vine,' said our Lord, 'and ye, my brethren, are the branches.'"

Then followed a recitative of various selected passages from the "Sermon in the Hospital," in tones so musical and liquid, and with a repose of manner so profound, yet full of subtle magnetism, that his audience gazed in sympathetic wonder at the slight figure clad in the somber habit of his order—at the thin, pallid spiritual face where large, deep-set black eyes burned with the preternatural light of consecrated but consuming zeal. The folded arms attempted no gestures—what need, while that rhythmic wave of sound flowed on?—until the end, when the clasped hands were lifted in final appeal:

"... the Cross of Christ

Is more to us than all His miracles.

Thou wilt not see the face nor feel the hand, Only the cruel crushing of the feet When through the bitter night the Lord comes down

To tread the winepress. Not by sight, but faith.

Endure, endure—be faithful to the end."

Unconscious of his movement, and irresistibly drawn, the young soloist sitting in the front row of choristers had risen, and leaning far forward, looked up into the face of the priest like one mesmerized, his parted lips trembling in a passion of ecstasy. Then the organ boomed, and the boy fell from paradise and joined the choristers chanting as they marched away behind the uplifted cross.

A lady stepped into the aisle and touched Eliza's arm.

"So glad to see you here, Miss Kent. Shall always welcome you to my pew. What a delightful eulogatory *tour de force* Father Temple gave us! He would make a fortune on the stage of secular drama."

"Yes. Fra Ugo himself could scarcely have been more impressive when he talked to the sick and dying on hospital cots. To my cousin Vernon this world is only a hospital of sick souls. Mrs. St. Clair, I should like to meet that little boy who sang so beautifully. Can you help me?"

"Very easily. Come back with me now to the vestry and we may find him. Did you notice how that lovely boy seemed almost hypnotized?"

Only two of the larger choristers lingered chatting with the choir-master, and as they

turned toward the rear stairway leading to the street, Mrs. St. Clair exclaimed:

"Mr. De Graffenried, stop the boys! We want to see the soloist. Call him back."

"Madam, I think he is still in the chancel."

Lifting the velvet curtain that concealed the altar from their view, she beckoned Eliza to her side.

Father Temple had been detained by one of the church-wardens, and as he turned to hasten away the boy, standing near, caught the black skirt of the priest.

"Please, sir, may I speak to you?"

"Certainly. I am glad to be able to thank you for the music today. Your solo gave me great pleasure."

"I could have done better, but my throat is sore; it bled just now. I told nobody, because I am the only one who can reach that high C, and so I tried not to fail. I want to ask you how I can learn all the words you spoke? Oh, if I could, I would set them to a chant; they would lift my heart out of me if I could sing them."

"You shall have them. What is your name?"

"Leighton Dane."

Father Temple took his tablets from an inside pocket and made an entry.

"Where do you live?"

"Oh, a long way off. Far down in East—Street; but, please sir, if you would leave the poetry here, I could get it at next rehearsal."

"My little man, how do you know it is poetry? The words do not rhyme."

"Rhyme? I do not understand that word—but I feel poetry. I always know it by the way my blood beats, and the little shiver that runs down my back, and the joy that makes me cry sometimes."

"I will send you a printed copy, in care of the rector. Dear child, God has given you a wonderfully sweet voice, and I am glad you use it in His service."

He laid his thin hand on the boy's golden head, and smiled down into the wistful blue eyes, where tears glistened.

The childish fingers, holding two snowy spikes of Roman hyacinth, were lifted and placed on the priest's hand, pressing it timidly against his curls.

"Thank you, sir. Please take these. They smell like the heavenly gardens, and I have nothing else to give."

"Were they not on the altar?"

"Yes, I slipped out two from the cluster there."

"Then they belong to God. By what right do you touch sacred gifts brought to Him?"

See first page illustration.

"They were mine. I bought them last night and laid them yonder when I came today—and God can spare just two, when I have nothing else to pay you with. Did you—oh! did you think I—stole—them?" A sob shook him, and tears followed.

Father Temple stooped and drew the little white-robed form to him, pressing the head against his breast.

"Forgive me. I did not quite understand; and I am sure the dear Father knows what is in your grateful heart. God bless you and keep you. I shall put the hyacinths between the leaves of my Bible."

Eliza stretched an arm across Mrs. St. Clair's shoulder and dropped the curtain.

"Come away. Some other time I may talk to him, not now."

The following day Eliza returned to Washington and two hours before the departure of the train she drove to Twenty-third Street, where she and Mrs. Mitchell usually made their purchases of damask, ribbon and lace. While the latter bent over boxes of wools and crochet cottons, Eliza seated herself at the handkerchief counter. When she had selected the desired number, the saleswoman filled out her index sheet and rapped sharply with her pencil.

"Cash! Here, cash!"

Several minutes elapsed.

"These cash boys are so tiresome. Cash, cash! I had to report one last week. Cash—here he comes at last. Now do hurry up; you are a regular snail."

In the boy who hastened away Eliza recognized the soloist of St. Hyacinth's, and noticed a bandage around his throat. When he came back with the parcel and counted the change into the palm of the saleswoman, Eliza touched his arm.

"I heard you sing yesterday, and want to tell you how much I liked your voice."

"Thank you, ma'am, I—"

A spell of coughing interrupted, and she noticed how wan and weary he looked, and how heavy were the grayish shadows under his lovely eyes.

"I am afraid you are not well today. Are you an orphan?"

"Oh, no. Mother is living, and she says a mother is worth forty fathers."

"Will you tell me her name, and where she lives?"

"Mrs. Nona Dane, and she has the glove counter at —, Fourteenth Street."

At this instant the floor-walker strode forward, and a frightened expression crossed the boy's white face as he turned quickly, but Eliza laid a detaining hand on his head as rising, she confronted the floor-walker.

"If he loitered it is not his fault; I kept him. If he missed a call I am to blame. Good by, Leighton; shake hands. When I come back to New York I hope to hear you sing again at St. Hyacinth's; and if I miss you here, I shall buy elsewhere."

His hot fingers quivered in her clasp, and, pressing a folded bill into his hand, she joined her foster-mother and left the store.

"What a tall, beautiful boy, and what genuine golden hair! Looks as if it had been dipped in a pot of gilt. Dearly, don't you think it a shame these young children are chained up in stores when they ought to be romping and playing ball?"

As their carriage turned from Twenty-third Street toward Broadway, that always crowded angle was even more than usually thronged, and during the brief pause Mr. Herriott came out of Maillard's with a box of bon-bons.

"I am just going to the ferry to wait for you. Are you not too early, or has my watch gone astray?"

"Come with us, Mr. Noel, we have ample room. Yes, it is early; but of course at the last minute I must needs shop on the way."

As he seated himself in the carriage he handed a package to Eliza.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



# The Shadow of a Cross

## A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chasing the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us," Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost save ambition. His mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. He tells of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Ambition is the thing that lifts man above the level of the brute. Victoria is covetous of power. As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran take him for a dastard—can he do his worst. Corcoran admires his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. Will she be his wife? There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to walk. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. She sees Gene; the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries: "My God! He is married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sleeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures it to his wife. Victoria wishes for an apartment house where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the house Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and falls to musing. He sees a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashion white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the prattle of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby girl looks at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the rooms. He fails to find a nursery.

Four months later and Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begs of him not to play with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unsuspectingly yet with a repugnance toward Corcoran. Victoria leaves them to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is borne the cry of a child—a little boy—and Gene looks down with wonder and delight at that old, old mystery—birth. In the following months Gene tries to arrive at a better understanding with his wife. Gene enters the nursery to find the baby screaming and the nurse in tears. Mrs. Warfield insists upon giving laudanum to the baby—the nurse refuses without the doctor's order and she discharges her, and from that hour the baby droops.

Congress closes and the Warfields spend the summer at a fashionable watering place. Corcoran is there, and Gene is unkindly of the whispered insinuations concerning his wife. He gives his time to his boy, and the little hands pluck down the altar, where Warfield places his idol, Ambition. They return to Washington, and again Victoria is tormented by the wailing of the baby orders laudanum. The nurse, by order of Mr. Warfield, refuses to administer it. Victoria attempts to give it to the little one who gasps "mamma, mamma!" She lifts her hand to strike when Gene wards off the blow, and reading the label on the bottle he dashes it to the floor. Victoria strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast, and sits down before his desk. He opens and reads a letter from his mother. She can never call him great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as pass the House of Representatives. He knows his mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. John is spoiling Theta. She may lose the dear girl. The young doctor comes often. Let us know about the baby. The child stirs and wails "mamma, mamma!"

The debate of the Harvester Trust Bill arrives, and the battle between ambition and conscience ends with victory for the latter. With the defeat of the bill goes Corcoran's hopes of a lifetime. He will ruin Warfield if he sends his soul to perdition. Victoria pleads, "Would you not spare him to perfection. Victoria pleads, "Corcoran's wife dies. Gene goes home. The baby grows worse. Victoria refuses to stay with her child. It dies, and Gene pleads to let the little one in death unite them. She is unworthy. Gene discovers a note written by Corcoran, and Victoria enters into the heart of the flame and taking of the wedding ring tells Victoria she is free.

Gene returns to New Hampshire. He sees footsteps in the snow and meets Theta. Is there no chance for a reconciliation with his wife? Has she done right in setting him free? "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." When love is dead would she have him drag out a miserable existence? Theta suggests they go home. They come to the old stepping-stones. Just how it happens neither know. Before she can protest he crushes her lips with a kiss.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### CHAYING THE PRICE.

LIGHTS were flashing in the Corcoran mansion; a chain of richly clad people was circulating past the receiving line and being steered by liveried attendants into gorgeous rooms where hothouse flowers were diffusing their fragrance on the warm air. It was winter outside, and not far away beings were freezing and starving. The giant print of the Harvester Trust lay idle, while gaunt Labor and Capital locked in a death grapple.

But who cared for all this? Not Corcoran, surely.

A prince of the blood was touring the country and had chosen to honor Excelsior with his presence. Who so fitting as Corcoran to entertain the royal guest?

As he towered there above the heads of all the others, Corcoran was as huge and massive in frame as ever, but the face with its puffy look and the cruel smile on the sensual lips showed

plainly the effects of a life given over to the gratification of every delight.

The prince had previously met Corcoran abroad and when on his arrival he tucked his arm familiarly into that of his host and the two walked into the great banquet hall together, the elite of Excelsior smiled approval.

Outside in the shadows a woman crouched. As the wintry wind swept down in a flurry of snow she drew her faded garments about her and came closer to the window as if to draw from it a fictitious warmth. As the light fell upon her ghastly face it would have been hard to recognize in the outcast standing there the woman whose beauty and distinction had once placed her among the leaders in the social life of Excelsior and Washington.

Within the great hall the merriment was at its height. Mine host was in fine fettle and told one of his most charming stories, and this the prince capped with his best bon-mot. Bursts of laughter floated out into the night. The royal visitor was unanimously considered a thorough democrat and a prince of good fellows.

The eyes of the crouching figure were fastened only upon Corcoran who occupied the place of honor opposite his guest, his face darkly flushed with wine. She looked until she could bear it no longer, then tossing back the Titan red hair, turned her white face to the bitter night sky while a cry of agony burst from her.

"Alone! abandoned! an outcast!" she moaned. "Nothing remains for me now but the river."

Along the street came a woman in the dark robes of a Sister of Mercy and she saw the hard despair on the face and heard the cry that came from those parched lips.

Victoria started as she felt a light touch on her hand.

"Sister, what are you doing here?" It was the figure in black who spoke.

At the first kind words she had heard for many months a quivering seized Victoria.

"You call me sister—me! Do you know what I have done—what I have been?"

"I neither know—nor care," the other answered. "It is enough for me that you are suffering, and in distress—and I wish to aid you. I heard you call yourself 'an outcast' just now. Remember—Christ loved all the fallen ones."

There was infinite pity, infinite tenderness in the words.

As they fell upon ears attuned only to harsh sounds a long sigh came from Victoria, then as a new burst of laughter floated out some of the old fire came into her eyes as she pointed with shaking finger to the room beyond.

"Do you see that man sitting there—the one who is holding aloft the wineglass? That is the man who dragged me down and turned away. God in heaven, how I loved him! I spent my soul in loving him! I gave up a position in

Sister as she took Victoria's hands in a gentle clasp.

"You are not all bad," she said. "Down in the depths of your soul are the germs of good—we have need for such women as you. Listen! We are a little band of men and women devoting ourselves to the succoring of the oppressed, to lifting up the fallen. We have no church and our only creed is to do good. You have expressed a wish to come back to the ranks of respectability. You shall come. You have sinned and suffered and will therefore have sympathy for the sinning and the suffering. There is noble work in the world for you. We have hospitals—your hands shall minister to the needs of the ill and dying. Let the dark river roll on—come with me and find peace."

A cry burst from Victoria.

"You would give this chance to me—to me?"

"Yes. Will you come?"

For answer Victoria went down on her knees in the snow and pressed the hem of the Sister's dark robe to her lips. When she arose there was a look of ecstasy in her eyes. It was as though some light from beyond this world had filled her soul. Then the two went forth together—the gentle Sister—and Victoria—an outcast no longer.

Inside the banquet hall another scene was taking place. The feast was ended and Corcoran had arisen to propose a final toast.

"Your Royal Highness," he began, then stopped short, a strange expression passing over his face. He tried to speak again but the words ended in a jumble of unmeaning sounds.

The guests looked at each other in astonishment. Could it be that this was some practical joke their host was attempting to play upon them? There was nothing feigned about those

staring and glassy eyeballs and the horrible distorted face. The glass dropped from the nerveless hand and Corcoran reeled and measured his length on the floor.

His valet hurried to his side.

"One of his old attacks," he said as he hastily injected the cocaine. Those who looked, saw the arm he bared was punctured to the elbow.

"Deucedly unpleasant," murmured His Royal Highness whose aristocratic nerves could not bear anything that resembled a scene.

But Corcoran was beyond the aid of cocaine. A physician arrived in hot haste and pronounced it a case of paralysis. The party broke up in disorder and the guests dispersed. In frightened groups the servants clustered about the entrance ways or cast fearful glances at the deserted banquet-room.

Later the announcement was made that Corcoran might die at a moment's warning, or that he might live for years.

In any case his power for evil was ended. If he lived at all it would be as a helpless paralytic, dependent for the supplying of every want upon the caprice of hirelings.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Theta shook off Warfield's arms as though they were fire, and white, tense, quivering she faced him.

"You had no right—no right—what you have done is despicable," she blazed out at him. Then she turned and swiftly mounted the path. Surprise, pain, anger and love were all mingled in Theta's mind. In that moment she knew she still loved this man and the knowledge was terrible to her. She was bitterly angry with herself and no less angry with him.

Gene mentally anathematized himself for his folly.

"How pitifully weak I am where she is concerned," he thought. "Now my impulsiveness has spoiled all." When they reached the crest of the rise he drew near to her.

"Will you forgive me, Theta? As you say, my act was despicable, and yet it seemed to me I had a right. You have assumed the relation of a daughter to my mother and surely there is no harm in a man kissing his sister."

"Now you are laughing at me," she cried more

thoroughly angry than ever. This way of putting the case did not mollify her in the least. "Indeed I am not, Theta. As this is a first offense can't you let me off this time if I promise not to repeat it?"

She hurried on without making any reply. Gene swiftly overtook her and blocking the narrow path caught both her hands and held her so she could not pass.

"Theta," he cried desperately, "I can't let you go till you tell me you forgive me."

She struggled to free herself but he held her gently but firmly, and at last she desisted.

"You are stronger than I—you can hold me here all night—but I will never say I forgive you." The words struck him like a blow in the face.

"Then go! you woman of ice! You were always such!" he said cruelly, and suddenly released her.

Theta pressed her hand to her heart as if to stop its wild pulsations. He called her a woman of ice—he! When every pulse in her body had thrilled at the touch of his hands and that kiss was still searing her lips! With a strong effort she will she regained her composure.

"I think we have been acting like a couple of foolish children," she said with a quick change of manner. "Look—there is the house glimmering through the trees. We must hurry."

And hastily as if at any cost she would cut short the time of being alone with him she led the way homeward.

As they entered the maple walk Mrs. Warfield was standing on the porch, her short sighted eyes peering into the dusk.

"Theta, dear, you are late tonight," she called out. "Did you have to stay after school with some of those naughty scholars?"

A tall figure sprang out of the shadows and the next moment strong arms closed about her and her gray head was pillowed on a manly breast.

"Mother! Dear little mother! Don't you know me?"

"My son!" When the two presently came into the sitting-room their faces were transfused with color. At that moment Uncle John entered and greeted Gene heartily. Maggie welcomed him vociferously and then pretended to be greatly shocked when he hugged her. She went out quickly, beckoning frantically to Theta.

"Sure, Miss Theta," she said as the latter followed her into the kitchen, "there's not wan blessed thing in the house fit for Master Gene to ate, and what am I to do, at all, at all?"

Theta laughed a little at Maggie's anxious tone.

"I should think, Maggie, that what is good enough for the rest of us ought to be good enough for him." And with this small bit of comfort she went away to her own room where she brushed out her bright hair until it shone like silk and then donned a becoming pink waist, hating herself all the while for the innate femininity that could not resist making these changes in her toilet.

"You foolish girl!" she said, addressing the pretty reflection in the glass.

When the family entered the dining-room half an hour later the table fairly groaned beneath the weight of good things Maggie had ransacked cellar and storeroom to find.

Uncle John laughed as he helped the plates from his end of the table.

"Maggie must have been daffy," he remarked. "Here we have peaches served in no less than five different ways. She must have thought you were hungry for peaches, Gene!"

"I am," said the latter, doing full justice to the bountiful spread. "I was always fond of peaches, and," he added, slyly, "anything that looks like peaches."

Uncle John gave Theta a pinch under cover of the table, the girl never lifted her eyes which seemed fastened upon her plate.

The old gentleman kept the conversational ball rolling merrily, and Gene, too, was in a happy mood and felt in the joy of his homecoming a return of the old-time boyish ebullition of good spirits. Mrs. Warfield said little merely because she was all too busy with a joy too deep for words. Theta alone remained silent, and after supper she would have slipped quietly away had not Uncle John detained her.

"You mustn't go, Theta, till we've had a song or two."

"Please excuse me tonight, Uncle John. I don't feel like singing."

"Nonsense. Ye know the old adage: 'A bird that can sing and won't sing'—and he led her to the piano."

On the impulse of the moment Theta sang Newman's "Lead Kindly Light."

A moment before there had been laughing and chatting, but now as the sweet soprano filled the room a hush fell over them. Theta, as she sang, felt the calming influence of the words and some of the anger and unrest that possessed her passed away.

As he listened Gene felt a burning sense of shame for the manner in which he had treated her. Up there in the woods he had felt a nearness to her, there she had seemed a woman, warm, tender, human. Now she was remote, afar off, something to be worshiped, but at a distance. He felt as though he had profaned a shrine.

When the song ended Theta went over to bid Mrs. Warfield good night, but the latter asked her to sing again.

"Give us one more, Theta. I know Gene will love to hear you."

"Yes," supplemented Uncle John, "and let it be something livelier. Sing that one with the shivers and shakes in it that ye learned from that prima donna who was up here last summer."

In obedience to these requests Theta sang the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." She sang without any accompaniment and she put into it all the passion and power of which she was capable, acting it all out, trampling upon the flowers of Siebel and braiding her long hair with imaginary jewels.

In a trance of delight Gene listened—and looked.

"I have heard that song rendered by some of the greatest singers," he thought, "but never more beautifully than now. She might have had a great musical career, yet she prefers to remain here with a couple of old people, to take up the duties that I have left undone."

Gene said none of these things and when the song was finished merely contented himself with looking his appreciation.

Theta kissed Mrs. Warfield, gave Uncle John an affectionate pat as she passed him and then he led her hand to Gene. He gently pressed it and she gave him a cool "good night."

Mrs. Warfield looked a little anxious.

"I wonder what has come over Theta?" she thought. "It's unlike her to act this way."

"The piano is an acquisition," said Gene.

"Yes, it belongs jointly to Theta and me," said Uncle John smiling. "It represents the prize money we received for our Holsteins at the Cattle Fair. It takes us to win the blue ribbons." Theta is one of the best judges of thoroughbreds in the county, and ye'd be surprised, Gene, if ye knew the amount of practical information there is tucked away in her pretty head. What she doesn't know about soils and sub-soils and the rotation of crops isn't worth knowing. Since she has been here we have advised together and I've been going in for scientific farming. And I tell ye it has paid. The old farm was never in better shape than it is today, and now that ye've come home to take charge I can turn it all over to ye with a clear conscience."

"But I haven't come home to take charge of things," interrupted Gene. "You surely don't think of retiring?"

Uncle John arose and stretched himself before the fire. He was not so tall but was broader than Gene and he was hale and hearty in spite of his sixty years.

"Why, no, I haven't thought of it, but as long as ye've come home—"

"You'd be miserable if you did," said Mrs. Warfield and then turning to Gene added: "But I hoped you had come home to settle down on"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)





## Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least three months before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange columns, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as you receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I am sending to our Editor for those who need it, and for those whose letters I have been unable to answer, a recipe for coughs and consumption.

One ounce elecampane root, one ounce hoarhound leaves, one five cent stick of licorice, five cents' worth peppermint, four cups (or three heaping) of white sugar. Have a kettle containing five quarts of boiling water, and into this put root, leaves and licorice and boil hard until you have only two quarts left. Strain and replace on fire, add sugar and boil till you have one and one half pints thick syrup. Add essence of peppermint and remove from fire. Cool, bottle, and it is ready for use. The dose is one tablespoonful three times a day and if one coughs severely every two or three hours. This is fine. No patent cough medicine that I have ever known can rival it, and while I have used several different kinds, to this simple homely remedy, sent me by a dear old Quakeress, I firmly believe I owe my life. She said in her letter:

"Once must not scorn it because it is of the humble herbs of the field. For the Master planted it for his suffering children."

And try it I did and I recommend it to all others who suffer from lung disease. The ingredients can be procured at any drug store.

Or if you live in the country you can have the herbs in your gardens, as we have.

I have written to all who inclosed a stamp and to many who did not. But when seven or eight letters came a day, asking for the recipe you know time and stationery were both required to reply to all, and I tried to give each their due.

I am glad we are a band who stand pledged by our membership in "Sisters Circle," as sisters to help each other. I am glad I am one of your members, and I am ready to help all I can. "For abide these three, Faith, Hope and Charity and the greatest of these is Charity," and woe be to him or her who claims Christianity and possesses them not for we dishonor the name we bear, if we have not charity, the spirit that is slow to speak evil. Remember when we tell our neighbors' faults that we have plenty of our own, and not draw our garments more closely and walk over on the other side for fear of being contaminated. Do you recall the Pharisee and Levite who left the wounded man to die, and the Samaritan who came on and relieved his pain? I tell you, sisters, we have just such people today. Some in our homes, and even in the pulpit we find them and when before the judgment seat of Christ they are asked, "Did ye do it unto the least of these," what will their answer be? I think we know what the verdict of the "one just judge" will be.

Sister M. E. L. God knows I pity you, and in my letter above you have my answer of those around you. But let me say, put your faith in God. He knows and His eyes never loses sight of one of His sheep. I have proved this and as for your friend the so-called minister, don't worry over him, let him go—there are as many wolves in sheep's clothing in the pulpit as in any other walk of life and if he is so ready to believe evil reports of you, discard him for he is unworthy your respect.

Carlyle Haverly, Alpine, Indiana. Many thanks for your kind words which I appreciate very much. COMFORT has been the means, through the medium of the "Sisters' Corner," of many friends meeting again, and I make one request, with the hope of gaining the information I have vainly tried to gain from other sources. There are many readers all over our union and in Canada and Mexico, and if this request meets the eye of anyone who can tell me anything of my uncle, Charles H. Boyd, last heard from in Chicago, Illinois, but a native of Sycamore Mills, Cheatham Co., Tenn., I will return the favor in any way I can. He is my mother's only brother, and the only one of her family living, about thirty-seven of age, and a painter by trade. Perhaps some of his old friends in Chicago can help us find him.

Miss Hamby, Georgia. Thanks for your kind offer, which, if I did not accept, I appreciate very much. Yes, we are a band of sisters and I think we should choose a motto and have our Number just as the "League of Cousins."

Mrs. Jacoby, Jasper, Oregon. Are you still "One of us"? It has been long since I wrote to you, but you still hold a place in my memory. I want to thank the person who sent me a lovely variegated marble paper weight. It must have been beautiful; it reached me in bad condition, being broken nearly in half. I do not know the sender so I can only acknowledge receipt of the gift here.

Our Sunny Tenn. is like April this year, changeable, one day we have sunshine and warm bright weather, the next 'tis cold and frosty.

And you young madcaps who wrote me from Idaho, about coming to Tenn. to get a wife, and hunt and fish, you stay there, for our girls don't fall in love with every cowboy, and you are so "loud" no fish in our still waters would ever get close enough to you to bite. And I don't think we need you here, you might run down to Texas or Mexico for the winter, then

back to the North for summer as the wild geese do, if you like. Now let me tell you. You say the southern girls are "rebels yet," and a lot more nonsense of that kind. I do not speak for "all," but our southern girls who have any brains and have ever been taught to use them, are not "rebels." We love our South, we are proud of her and she was not "whipped." She was simply "overpowered." Do you distinguish the wide difference in the terms? And our "true southern" girl is a lady—always. There are several to whom I will write later, but the answers here must do for most all whom I have not already answered. I wish to be just, and fair to everyone and I will only ask your patience. To the lady who wrote to me offering some new and odd flower seed if I would pay postage, let me say your address was lost. If you see this letter and will write again, or send seeds direct to me I will pay the postage. Miss ADA HUDGENS, Box 80, Ashland City, R. D., 1, Tenn.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Although a stranger to all of you, I have long been both a reader and a warm friend of our dear "COMFORT." There is not a page from "cover to cover" that isn't filled with the best of interesting matter.

The superiority of the paper combined with the small price contribute to make it a general favorite with all. COMFORT's editor is "the right man in the right place," and I will leave it to those who read it, and know, to say that it has brightened and cheered many hours of its many thousands of readers that would otherwise have been sad and lonely. The world seems brighter and better for its very existence.

I do not see how anyone can do without it; certainly they cannot after once having it a visitor in the home. My health has been very bad the past five years, and not being able to do much work, I spend a great deal of time reading; so you see I am one of those who can rightly appreciate "COMFORT." I can hardly wait for the time to roll 'round for its monthly visit, and only wish it were weekly instead.

I have one dear son, and two sweet little girls, one sixteen and the other twelve. The girls have done all my work for the past five years. The older one being thereby deprived of the benefit of an education, to wait on and care for "Mother."

None but a mother can ever know what a disappointment to the fond hopes cherished in

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How many of the sisters' sewing machines get stiff and refuse to work properly? A good remedy for this is to take coal oil (kerosene) and soak your machine well with this, in all the places where you oil, in fact all over the working parts of the machine, let stand over night, and next day take a basin with kerosene and an old tooth brush, dip brush in kerosene and scrub all parts well, then take a piece of absorbent cotton or a soft piece of cheesecloth and wipe all parts clean, oil well with a good machine oil and your machine will be in good running order.

Now let me tell you how I made a postal card screen. If one already has a screen begin to decorate as soon as you have postals enough to make one row across the top, then as they accumulate add another row.

Or one can make a screen as I did, of pieces of wood one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by fifteen inches long, put together with hinges. When desired then stretch denim or burlap over same and finish edges with furniture braid and brass-headed tacks. Now you are ready for your postals, cut two slits in each corner of the postals, get baby ribbon or cord and a flat tape needle, run through face of card, through denim, back through opposite slit, across to the slit in the next card, etc., and fasten at the end of the row.

I also made a spool tabourette, for which one will need iron rods the height of the tabourette you wish to make; these can usually be obtained at a hardware store, have a thread put on both ends of each rod and a nut to fit. Next have boards cut into the shape and size you wish (mine is clover leaf), and in each corner of the boards have a square hole made to fit the nut into, also cut a hole in the bottom of one spool for each rod and nut. Now take the spool and fit the nut into it and fasten tight, slip on the spools and fasten board on all, tighten nut and your tabourette is complete, stain any color desired. Rods must be small enough to go through hole in spools.

Will some of the sisters send me a block of their favorite quilt design in calico or cambric, fast colors eight by eight, or ten by ten.

Mrs. R. J. BOISAC, 708 Bosworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for more

stitch. I enjoy doing all kinds of fancy work. I am glad to know that some of the sisters wrote and remembered Mrs. Fannie Henson. In a letter to me she writes:

"I feel almost like a new creature, and thank God and ask His blessing on all who have remembered me in the time of my affliction."

I notice different ones have expressed their ideas about giving practical help and many of them are good.

Let us all often read Proverbs 21-13, "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard."

How many of you know that there are thirty-one verses in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, and that you can pick out a verse for your husband's and son's birthday, and the same number of verses will be found in the thirty-first chapter for the sisters, for there is a verse for each day of the month.

If any of you should accidentally become strangled remember to hold up your left arm and you will be relieved at once.

Mrs. E. S. Dalton, Albany, Mo. I sent you a block of bleached muslin at your request, and wrote you a letter, and it was sent from there to Kansas City, and then sent back to me, in nearly three months from the time I sent it. I am afraid there I have sent have been lost. Mrs. J. C. FLIPPIN, Wallowa, Oregon.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It is very warm today (July) and dry. It seems as if the grass and all other vegetation, is burning up, fast as it can. It is queer why rainfall is so frequent and heavy in some parts of the country, and none at all for months in other parts, but we continue to hope, and pray for rain.

As the cotton season will soon be here again, I would ask the sisters, to whom I could not send any bolls last winter, to write me, also those that wish mistletoe and I will be glad to send either. I would also like to hear from some of the sisters, who know how to prepare appetizing dishes from shell fish, such as shrimps, lobsters and crabs, either canned or fresh. I had a tiny booklet, containing recipes for such but have lost it, and never could obtain another.

How many of you are interested in Cacti, Aloes, Agaves, and Euphorbias, also Haworthias? These are truly the busy (or lazy?) woman's plants, some of them are very odd, and beautiful requiring so little care, thriving with the grossest neglect.

I love the beautiful Rex and fancy-leaved Begonias, also the fancy-leaved Caladiums. I have had numberless sorts, but unfortunately lost them all, by moving and illness, but I hope to obtain a rare collection of them again, some day, not far distant.

Mrs. E. R. BEHRENS, Brady, Tex.

## DEAR EDITOR:

With your permission I would like to answer those who have asked me about this place and state. We are not the barbarians that some people think we are. This state has four distinct seasons. In the northwest have a little spell of zero weather every winter, the rest of the year is pleasant. We have the rich and poor, good and bad people. If money is the chief thing with you, go to the bottoms and raise cotton, corn, rice, hay and starch. If you want church and school advantages go to the town. If you want a pleasant home with church, school and a living, but don't expect to get rich quick, come to this place, that is if you have energy, no place for drones. We have the State University and Experiment Station, three public schools, nine churches, no saloons, one opera house, three railroads, 6,000 inhabitants. Most neighborhoods have church, and school part of the year in the country. This part of the state raises apples, strawberries, cherries, peaches, pears and chickens mostly for money, some grain and starch. Some folks have good health, some would not be well anywhere in this world.

I believe it would add years to the comfort of the afflicted if we would all avoid speaking of our aches and pains. Look up not down, look out not in, think more of God and other people, and less about self. I seldom go out of my home, but am doing my best to be brave, why should I not, when I have a boy that is a perfect treasure. Mothers, begin to teach your children how to serve God and humanity from the time that they can receive an impression. Don't impose on them nor let them impose on you—start fair, reason with them, never countenance an unfair deal that they may make, no matter how shrewd it may look, teach them to tell the truth at all cost.

Dear shut-ins. I wish I could help you all. For babies with summer complaint give them all the baked or roasted sweet potatoes they will eat.

Who can tell us how to give nux vomica to chickens so that the rat or hawk that eats the chicken will be killed.

To prolong the usefulness of worn quilts, cover with unbleached sheeting and tack with colored silkaten.

I thank each one who has written to me, Mrs. A. D. CHESTER, Fayetteville, R. D., 2, Ark.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a COMFORT reader and I have never seen a letter in print from this part of Virginia. We think the COMFORT a fine paper and thoroughly enjoy it all, especially the Sisters' Corner.

I am nineteen years old, am five feet nine and one half inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I, like many of the young sisters, am not afraid of work, mother having always taught us to help. Mother is a school teacher and in the winter I stay home and keep house, while she teaches school. I have a grandmother, mother, and two sisters. My father has been dead for eight years, my oldest sister is married and has a dear little baby eight months old.

How many of the sisters ever attended a camp meeting? We have one about eight miles from us, which is situated between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers and is named Marvin Grove Camp. We have a cottage there and go every year to spend the entire ten days, and enjoy very much the religious services as well as the social part. I live in the country and although I have never lived in a city, I have visited there and I think I much prefer country life. We are staunch Methodists.

Do many of our younger sisters like to embroider? I have shadow embroidered a shirt-waist for myself and am now working one in the eyelet embroidery. I like the work very much.

May the Lord bless J. A. D. in the great work she is doing to help the poor shut-ins; her letters are very much enjoyed.

I saw in one of the COMFORTS where Mrs. J. W. Welch, Downings, Va., sent to one of the sisters for Hardanger patterns. This dear, young lady passed to her reward one year ago. She left a mother, husband and little son to mourn their loss.

I would be delighted to hear from any of the sisters; especially any near my age.

MISS EDITH CRALLE, Emmerton, Va.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I find many interesting things in your helpful corner. My home is nestled among the picturesque hills and mountains of sunny East Tennessee, "Way down South in dear old Dixie, where the cotton blossoms grow."

Greenville, Tenn. is our county site, and was also the home of Ex-President Andrew Johnson. He is buried near the city, and his monument seems to kiss the sunny sky.

My heart goes out in sympathy to the dear shut-ins. I think each sister should write to them and inclose a postage stamp, if no more. Now let's each send a mite to them, and see how happy it will make them.

I am one of Uncle Charlie's nieces, and more than one year ago, a friend of mind in Wyo. send me a donation to give to Thomas Lock-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

## ZEPHYR PILLOW TOP.

Take a square of cloth fifteen by fifteen inches. In the center of this draw a circle in which trace a star, having the points each about two and one half inches high. The background and star are of pink and the circle dark green. Two skeins of pink wool will be needed and one of green, also a pair of sharp scissors and steel crochet hook, number five or seven. The wool is drawn through, from the wrong side, with the crochet hook, make each loop about one half an inch long and place the loops close together. After the design is fully worked in, clip off evenly with the scissors and the work will have the appearance of velvet, be close and thick and wear indefinitely.

JULIA COPPOLI.

their infancy—how I longed to see them grow up to become possessors of a good education, and to realize that it is my poor health that has prevented.

If the dear sisters could see them, how patiently and willingly they have made the sacrifice—how eager they are to do everything they can, they would know I have much to be thankful for. In my sorrow and sympathy for my children, concerning their educational hindrance, I found some comfort in reading the following lines by Emily H. Watson:

Thou may'st deck thy form with utmost grace,  
In shimmering silks and costly lace;  
Like the light gazelle thy figure be,  
Thy manner, ease and courtesy;  
In mental strength thou may'st excel,  
And deepest wisdom in thee dwell;  
May'st have acquired a knowledge rare,  
In science skilled, an artist fair.

Yet know, a kindly heart is more  
Than all this seeming goodly store;  
And gentleness is nobler far,  
Than intellect and beauty are,  
She who the highest praise would win,  
Must be all-beautiful within;  
Then, mind and body shall unfold  
Their radiance from a heart of gold!

Although our Heavenly Father knoweth best, and why, yet it is hard for us sometimes to see the "silver lining" of the cloud.

I am going to ask that some of the sisters will send magazines, papers, or any reading matter, or any little souvenir to pass away the lonely hours. I would be pleased if some of those living on the coast would send me little tokens of the sea with letters accompanying.

Did any of the sisters ever try putting a teaspoonful or more of baking soda in fruit jars, fill about half full of water (not too hot), shake well and empty? If any bad odor remains repeat as before and rinse in cold water.

Napkins and tablecloths stained by tea or coffee may be restored by plunging into fairly strong ammonia water.

Try using a clean dry cob to remove mud splashes on your dress skirts. This will not roughen the material.

To smooth sad-irons, after first heating, rub with cloth saturated with kerosene, then throw a handful of salt on a paper and rub until quite smooth.

Mrs. MAGGIE M. WEST, Liberty, R. D., 4, Missouri.

than four years, but this is my first letter. My daughter and I have just returned from a horseback ride. I enjoy the exercise but do not get much time for it.

Here in North Dakota we have moderately warm summers, with beautiful cool nights, so one can enjoy a refreshing sleep.

We have some lovely wild flowers from early spring to late fall. First of all come the crocuses, then we have a very pretty red lily, which resembles the tiger lily that blooms in July. We have wild raspberries in the Turtle mountains and wild plums and gooseberries at Devils lake. I was at the Turtle mountains the summer of '05. There were fourteen of us who went. We canned what berries we got up there. There are many pretty lakes on and around the mountains. We camped just above one. I have not seen a river since we have lived in North Dakota.

We raise all kinds of grain such as wheat, oats, barley, speltz, flax and macaroni wheat, but wheat is most extensively grown.

How many of the sisters keep house plants? Will someone kindly tell me how to have success with house roses? Mine lived for a month or two and then died.

My little girl is past three years old. She can spell quite a number of words and speak several pieces. Do any of the sisters think it makes a child's hair heavier to keep it cut short for a few years? I cut my daughter's hair twice last summer, and would cut it again if I thought it would be best. I am interested in all kinds of fancy work but as I am a busy farmer's wife have little time to devote to it.

Mrs. H. D. GIESSEL, Egeland, N. D.

## DEAR READERS:

I inclose a few of my favorite and tested recipes. I would dearly love to have all of you try them, and then sometime in the future tell me how you liked them, especially the oatmeal baked just right.

Mrs. Gertie Hamilton, Willow, Okla. I received the Sept. number of COMFORT you sent me. Thank you.

Mrs. W. C. Eason, Phenix City, Ala. I like poetry very much.

Mrs. M. E. Ward, W. Canaan, N. H. Your headach cure has proved helpful to me.

Mrs. Ethel Noakes, Box 104, Cutler, Ind. We have just tried your way of sugar curing pork, and I do hope we will like it.

I noticed the Deer tidy, sent in by Miss Mamie L. Poole, and worked a sofa pillow in cross-





**LEAGUE RULES:** To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag. **COMFORT** for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

**O**CTOBER is here and three quarters of the year has vamoosed down the plug hole of time. Just size up, figure up, and weigh up, now that you've reached the three quarter mile post of the annual race, whether you've lived the year right, and if you haven't, start right in now to make amends in the last quarter. For instance, I have had one hair on my head for the last nine months, and I'm going to try to have two before Christmas, even if I have to bite the one I have in halves and plant it beside the other half. Billy the goat has eaten one freight train since January but hopes to get outside at least half a dozen more before the turkey season sets in. So you see we are doing our level best to set you a good example and it's up to you to follow suit. If you can't follow with an entire suit, follow with at least a pair of pants. If you can't follow with even that amount of clothing you'd better stay home.

Honestly though, joking apart, try and make some kind of a record for yourself, before the year passes and skidoos forever. Before you can realize it, the year will be gone and at least half of you are going to waste it. I can tell that by your letters. Please don't do it. Here are a few ways you boys can improve yourselves and the world at large: Cut out cigarette smoking. It weakens your heart, ruins your nervous system, and makes you physical and moral degenerates, and puts you in a graveyard to fertilize grass and make a free lunch for worms. If you must smoke, get a pipe and smoke only in the evenings. Cut out cigars. You can't afford good cigars and cheap cigars are only stink sticks and an abomination.

Cut out "cussing". Nearly all American swearing is blasphemy. The name of the Deity is in nearly every oath. Cussing is only a habit—a rotten habit. Gentlemen do not curse. Only blackguards, loafers, thugs, wastrels, tramps, bums, and other human vermin turn their mouths into cesspools of filth and tanks of blasphemy. You think it's clever, you boys just springing into manhood, to have a cigarette in your mouth, an oath on your lips, chewing tobacco, and a gun in your hip pocket, and a couple of drinks of whiskey in your stomach. You feel you are a real bona-fide man, don't you? You're just aching for pretty Sallie Jones to come along, and you think you'll make a big impression, don't you? You'll blow that cigarette smoke right in her face; you'll invite her to inspect that gun; you'll try to get near enough to let her smell the liquor on your breath, so that she may know you're a real live sport. Think you're a man, don't you when you get heeled up in this fashion? Well you are way off in your reckoning for you're no sport and no man, you're just a silly young jackass. Everything, —gun, cigarette, whiskey, cursing, etc., things that you think are manly, you'll have to get rid of if you're ever to be a real man. If you continue in the jackass business, you'll graduate to the drunken loafer and bum class, that fills our jails and penitentiaries and forms the criminal class. It is the class that throws a dark pall of misery, suffering and wretchedness over the world. It is this class that breaks hearts and wrecks homes and makes angels weep, and Heaven blush and Hell busy.

Boys, take the tip of one who's seen the whole game through from start to finish, and believe me it is the truth when I say there is nothing in this "sporty" life that looks so alluring to you. Nothing in it but disease, remorse, despair and death. Keep away from it; don't monkey with it. Let the "Gang" call you what they like, their sneers can't harm you. They are going down all the time. They must go down, for the road they are on leads down, and those who follow it have got to go down with it or turn back and run for their lives. The sneers of the wicked will soon be lost, in the praise of the upright and good, for your road goes up,—up every minute—up all the time, and as you go up you pass the sign posts: Respect, Appreciation, Success, Content, Happiness, Affection, Love, and finally you reach the mountain peaks where you can hear the songs of the Angels, and Rest and Peace are there forever and for aye. Now boys, and you too girls, which road are you going to travel the last three months of the year? "The upward road, Uncle Charlie!" Good for you. Well of this I can assure you: It is the only road you can travel on which you will find happiness. And there's more fun on the upward road if you only know where and how to look for it. The Devil hasn't got the laughter nor the fun. If the Devil does give you what looks like good time and a pleasant drink, on the top of the cup there is poison,—at the bottom of it, death. Remember the "Old Boy" is always dropping his hook in the world's waters and fishing for souls. The "Old Gent" is a clever fisherman, and he baits his hook with all sorts of attractive things, but the hook is there all the same, and you gulp down the bait and then he sinks the hook into you and tears your heart and soul out, and drops you writhing on the red-hot griddle. Boys, girls, look out for the **HOOK**, for once you get on it, it's mighty hard to get off, and few ever get off.

Now, I'll stop lecturing and get down to business. Edith Fishleigh, 159 4th St., Wyandotte, Mich., whose letter appeared in April issue is very grateful for assistance rendered her. Your help bought her a wheel chair. The mandolin she raffled, was won by S. C. Rucks, Cleveland, Miss.

Arthur Page, the blind boy of Milo, Me., reports the death of his faithful old dog Dan. Dan passed away June 18, at the age of fourteen years. If there is a Heaven for dogs as many believe, Dan will certainly have a front seat. No human being who ever lived

was more faithful and devoted than this poor old doggie. Dan was a member of the League, and his life was an example to us all.

Seven one year "subs" to COMFORT will secure you a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems, elegantly bound in silk cloth. The best gift book on the market. Start in to get the seven subs, and win the book and put it aside until December 25th, and then spring it on your best girl (or boy), and they'll fall in your arms and say: "Take me and pay my board forever!" You're missing half your life if you don't win this book.

Our first letter is exceedingly interesting. It gives a capital account of the opening of the Jamestown exposition by President Roosevelt and Uncle Charlie, assisted by Toby and Billy the Goat.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., Aug. 5, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Newport News, my home city, is situated on Hampton Roads at the mouth of the James river. It is named after Capt. Newport. It was here at Newport News that the early settlers first sighted Lord Delaware's ships in 1610, when they brought the much needed supplies that saved the colony. In Hampton Roads the first battle between iron-clad ships was fought.

Newport News has only been a city for eleven years but it has a population of 28,749 persons. We have one of the finest harbors in the world and can accommodate the largest ships afloat. So to any of my cousins who like water sports I extend a hearty invitation to visit the city on the James.

I have a boat of my own and Uncle, if you or any of the cousins come here I will take you out for a row. How many of the cousins like rowing? I enjoy it very much.

The C. & O. railroad has a finely equipped terminal here. Here Camp Embarkation was established, and thousands of soldiers left here for Cuba this fall. This section of Va. is teeming with historic interest. First the Indian wars, then the Revolutionary and many bloody battles of the Civil war were fought near here. Here thousands of soldiers were camped during the Spanish-American war, and many of them left here for Cuba some never to return again. The plant of the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co., is situated here. The plant covers one hundred and twenty acres of ground and has a water front of half a mile. It is one of the largest shipyards in America, and has the largest dry dock in the world. Here many battleships, cruisers, submarines and merchant vessels are built. The battleships Louisiana and Minnesota were built here. They are two of the finest ships in Uncle Sam's navy. The pay roll of the shipyard last year amounted to three and one half millions.

Now I will try and tell you about the opening of the Jamestown Exposition. The exposition is to celebrate the tercentennial of the landing of the first English settlers at Jamestown in 1607. The exposition is opposite Newport News, and about half an hour's ride across Hampton Roads.

At the exposition congregated the largest number of United States and foreign warships that have ever been gathered together. Eleven foreign powers sent ships. One hundred and thirty-five conventions and many military encampments will be held at the exposition this year. The 26th of April, opening day, was warm and sunny. At the ground there were about 30,000 citizens, 5,000 soldiers, 1,500 sailors and twenty state governors. There were seventy-six war ships, six foreign ones being among them. About eight o'clock the President's yacht Mayflower, steamed up the roads. Then the cannons began to boom from all the ships and Fort Monroe joined in the din. At intervals of five seconds, each ship fired twenty guns, the presidential salute. Many thousands of dollars were burned in powder that day. The President reviewed the ships first, then went ashore about ten-thirty. As he landed he received a salute from the U. S. artillery on the grounds. He made a short speech welcoming the visitors and wishing the exposition every success. Cheer after cheer greeted him all along the route. After the band played a piece, there was a prayer and the exposition hymn was sung by a large chorus.

President Harry St. George Tucker, of the Jamestown Exposition made the first speech. Then President Roosevelt delivered his address which was greatly cheered. When he finished his address he pressed the golden button that set in motion the entire machinery of the position. Flags were unfurled, the artillery fired a salute and the warships in the harbor peeled their thunder, and the people went nearly wild with excitement.

When the Star Spangled Banner was played, the troops all saluted Old Glory. The President and his party retired for lunch, after which the great military and naval parade was held and it was indeed a magnificent sight. The day's ceremonies concluded with a reception tendered the President by the officials of the exposition.

At night the scene was very pretty, all the ships being lit up and many lights on the grounds. At eleven o'clock everything was closed, and thus ended a day that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the opening of the Jamestown Exposition.

Extending a hearty invitation to the cousins all over the country to visit the exposition and hoping that our dear Uncle won't have to see an eye specialist after reading this, I remain your fond niece,

EDNA TRIMMER, 92, 33rd St.

Edna, I must certainly congratulate you on your admirable description of the events that transpired at the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, but you give President Roosevelt too much credit and me too little. As a matter of fact, the President tried to open the Exposition by pressing an electric button, but Billy the Goat had eaten all the electric currents the night before, and the button wouldn't butt, so your Uncle Charlie was sent for, and he saved the situation by prying the lid off the exposition with a can opener. My enjoyment of the opening ceremonies was considerably marred by the fact that Billy the Goat ate a couple of Japanese battleships, and an open rupture with the Japs and a terrible war was only averted by my going to Tokio and pinning a C. L. O. C. button on the Mikado's nose, and handing him a dozen back issues of COMFORT. The Mickeydoo of the Japanese Empire, was so tickled to death with the League button, and laughed so much at the C. L. O. C. page, he excused Billy for his irresponsible mastication and all was happy and serene once more.

Now Edna, charming and veracious as you are, you must excuse me if I question one

of your statements. You say the President's yacht steamed up the roads. Honestly you don't expect us to believe that, do you? I never knew ships could steam around on dry land, and I for one just can't and won't believe it, rude though it is to doubt a lady. Another thing I'd like to know. Why did those blooming English Johnny Bulls come chasing over here in 1607? Why didn't they stay at home? "America for the Americans" is my battle cry, and I think those Johnnies had an awful nerve butting in over here. What right had they, coming here interfering with us any way? If I'd been President in 1607 I'd have had Congress pass a law to have kept them out, and I'd have sent Admiral Dewey with the whole American fleet to see the order was carried out. Those Britfishers had a nerve invading our country any way. We didn't want them. I wonder our Immigration Commissioners ever allowed 'em to land.

Another thing I can't believe: You say you have a plant at Newport News that covers one hundred and twenty acres of ground. I saw a cabbage once that was nine feet from its nose to its shoot, but that's nothing to a plant with a half a mile of water front and spreading over one hundred and twenty acres. I shouldn't like to have to prepare a plant that size for the cook pot. Another thing. You say the warships peeled their thunder. Now honestly Eva, I don't think a warship could peel a potato. Let alone a good healthy noisy thunder. Never mind, Eva, you've written a dandy letter and deserve our heartfelt thanks and gratitude for giving us a free trip to the exposition.

Our next letter is an admirable one. Read it and take its splendid lesson to heart.

406 N. MAIN ST., NORWICH, CONN., July 8, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

It has been a long time (six months) since I received the COMFORT League of Cousins' card and button and though I am past fifty years of age, I hope that will not deprive me from receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is easy to live up to the requirements of the "League". First: "To be a comfort to your parents." I can truly say Uncle Charlie that I never caused my parents one hour of sorrow by any misdoings on my part, and now as they lay side by side in beautiful Cedar Grove cemetery, in New London, Conn., I feel happy in the thought that it was my delight to honor them. Second: "To be kind to dumb animals," that was a trait that I always had, I worked on a farm when I was young, and all the animals knew me, and at the sight of me they would come to meet me. I could not enter the pasture where cows, sheep, etc., were grazing, but what they would all follow me. They never were afraid of me, on account of my kindness to them. Dogs, cats, birds, etc., all come in for their share of kindness. I will relate one instance; and it will clearly illustrate clearer what kindness will do.

On the farm I have just mentioned, there was a yoke of oxen. Previous to my coming, these had to be driven in one corner of the barnyard, to be yoked together. I told my employer, that I would soon be able (after they were acquainted with me) to yoke them in the pasture. It was not long before I invited him to watch me yoke them, which I did right in the pasture without any trouble. I walked up to one, and put the bow of the yoke under his neck, and fastened it, and called the other one, and he came under the bow without any fear whatever. That was done when I was a young man of about twenty-five.

The third requirement: "To protect the weak and aged." I could relate many incidents in my life, where I have protected the weak and aged, but "Uncle Charlie" will think his aged cousin is too lengthy so I will hasten on.

The fourth requirement: "To love our country and protect its flag. The best country on earth where thousands of exiles find a home is here and

"I love my country's vine-clad hills,  
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,  
Her sunshine and her storms  
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear  
Their heavy heads high in the air  
In wild fantastic forms."

Your old six foot, two hundred and fifty pound, "Nutmegger" cousin will now close. Fraternally yours,  
WM. A. ROCKWELL (13,847).

Cousin Will, I am glad you have mentioned the subject of kindness to animals, as that is one of the things this League has sworn to promote, but I am sorry to say that this subject, which is of tremendous importance, is seldom, if ever, discussed in any of the letters that come to me. I think I'll make it a rule to publish no letter unless it contains a record of one act of kindness to our dumb friends. I know your letter will do a lot of good, and I thank you for your kindness to the poor patient beasts who contribute so much to our welfare and happiness. What a glorious example the animals set us in many things. You never saw an animal drunk with liquor. You don't have to preach temperance and make prohibition laws for animals, for they know when they've had enough, which is more than the human animal knows. A dog will stick by a man when he's penniless and in rags. All the juicy meat bones in the world won't tempt a faithful old doggie from his starving master. How many of your human friends stick to you when you're down and out? Not one, except it be a devoted old mother. Some animals are capable of infinitely more love and devotion than human beings. With them it's true till death and they ask no return but a kind word and a little petting. Will, you speak of animals "following" you. I can tell you scores of instances where animals have also followed me. I had a bear follow me up a tree once, and when I called or tried to call on my best girl last night, the bulldog followed me right home. That dog got quite attached to me before we parted. It took a crowbar and a club to loosen the attachment as he had attached himself to the seat of my pants. Toby says he's kind to animals too, and always helps Billy the Goat put on his underserv and high silk hat when he's going to deliver a lecture on the functions of the digestive organs, or freight cars as a cure for dyspepsia. The animals also follow Toby. He runs a boarding house for fleas in the summer and gives them good board free, while he has to scratch for a living. If you saw the mosquitos following me in the good old summer-time, you'd readily believe, Willie, that I was kind to animals.

Now that I've had my little joke, and I must have that or burst, let me say that I appreciate and admire beyond words, a man of William Rockwell's stamp. He has lived as God intended man to live. It's character that makes the man; it's lack of character that makes the bum. Cultivate character, boys and girls. It is that, that makes you good, strong and great. When William Rockwell goes to Heaven he will be greeted with these words: "Well done thou good and faithful servant." You know the rest. You will hear the same blessed words if you live your life as William Rockwell has lived his. He has been kind,—just kind to everybody and every living thing, and that is why God will be kind to him. This isn't preaching, this isn't moralizing, it is plain honest truth. Take it to heart.

A California cousin will speak a short piece.  
Box 30, ESCONDIDO, R. D., 1, CAL., Aug. 14 '07.  
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My sister has taken "COMFORT" for some time and I enjoy reading it very much, especially C. L. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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# ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph, a street-wise boy, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a fly cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I think dey's kep' me good more dan any-ting else." Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanley is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be beyond human aid. Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. His social position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keep his identity a secret and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes "a marriage of convenience" with Alice Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. Dave Lane, believing him to be a masquerade points out Alice Straight. As Everton grasps Madge, Dave Lane deals him a blow, and Madge seizes the shears severs Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge, and explains why he prevents her going to Alice. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire. Madge knows where she hears the name of Everton. In her mother's last sickness she calls "Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery, and Ralph Straight unravels it.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MADGE PROGRESSES.

EVERTON laughed uneasily. That laugh belied the words that he uttered. "Bah!" he said, "you are talking folly! A mystery, and you will unravel it? Well, my friend, proceed to unravel it as soon as you get ready."

And, turning upon his heel without further ceremony, he left the room and began descending the stairs. "Yer let him off too easy, Mr. Straight," said Dave. "Say, shan't I go after him an' help him down ter der street?"

"No, no," said Ralph hastily. "Stay where you are."

"I wouldn't mind givin' him one in der neck meself, jes' fer luck," said Madge. "S'pose I go after him?"

"Nonsense!" said Ralph. "Ah, there's the whistle! Get back to your work, Dave; I'm afraid you've missed your lunch."

"Oh, dat's nothin'," said Dave, slouching off; but he was hungry, nevertheless.

"Wait a minute, Madge," said Ralph, when he, his sister and our heroine were left alone. "Are you sure you have heard the name of Shirley Everton before?"

"Dead sure," returned Madge positively.

"And from your mother's lips?"

"Never heard it nowhere else."

"That is strange. What could she have known of Shirley Everton?"

"Dunno, Mr. Ralph. But he must have been a friend o' hers, for she spoke a good deal about him."

"Can you remember anything that she said?"

"Not exactly, but I know she allers spoke o' him as if he was dead. Maybe it wasn't the same man at all, Mr. Ralph—oh, it couldn't ha' been."

"Perhaps not," said Ralph Straight, meditatively. "Well, go back to the folding-room, Madge; we will speak of this again tonight."

They did speak of it again that evening, when the labor of the day was done, and they all—Ralph, his sister, his mother and Madge—sat together in the cozy little parlor of the flat, but they could arrive at no conclusion—how could they?—and the subject was at last dropped.

"I feel convinced," said Ralph, "that, as I said to Mr. Everton, there is some mystery in all this, and I am going to try to find out what it is. But there is something else that I want to speak to you about, Madge."

"What is it?" asked the girl, with wide-open eyes. "Nothin' hain't gone wrong wid my work, has it?"

"No, no, your work is all right; but—but"

Ralph paused, and his face flushed.

He hardly knew how to express his thoughts in a way that would not offend Madge.

The girl helped him out.

"I think I know what yer wanten say, Mr. Ralph."

"You do?"

"I guess I do, anyhow. Oh, I ain't no fool, an' I believe in speakin' right out when dere's anythin' ter be said. I don't talk like you an' Miss Alice, an' yer kinder 'shamed o' me, ain't dat it?"

"Not exactly 'shamed, Madge," began Ralph; "but—"

"Dat is it, den," interrupted Madge. "Well, I thought so. Don't never be 'fraid ter say jest what yer mean ter me, Mr. Ralph. I know yer 'shamed o' me, an' I don't blame yer, fer I hain't had no high-toned eddycation, an' I

see der difference as well as you do. Now, den der question is: Wat kin be done about it?"

"What can be done about it?" repeated Ralph.

He was more ill at ease than his companion.

Her frankness disarmed him.

"Yes, wat kin be done about it?" returned Madge. "Speak out now; give it ter me straight, an' no funny biz."

For a few moments Ralph was silent.

Then he said:

"Well, Madge, to begin with, you ought to avoid slang."

"Slang?"

"Yes."

"But I don't use no slang, do I?"

"Don't you?" smiled Ralph.

"Well, do I?" asked Madge anxiously.

"Yes. Do you remember what you said to me just now?"

"Wat?"

"You said, 'give it ter me straight, an' no funny biz.' Is that the way you hear my mother and Alice talk?"

Madge's eyes dropped.

"Well, 'tain't."

"Then can't you model your way of speaking by theirs?"

"I'll try, Mr. Ralph."

"Remember what I have said, Madge, and be sure that not one word was uttered in anything but a friendly spirit."

"I know dat, Mr. Ralph."

"Be sure that I feel toward you as a brother."

And the foreman turned away.

"As a brudder!" murmured Madge. "Well, I s'pose dat's all right but he don't seem like no brudder ter me—he seems somet'in' better and higher. But I s'pose he's right."

The seed sown by Ralph Straight sprung up and bore fruit.

After that Madge carefully listened to every word uttered by Ralph, his mother, and his sister, studiously watched every movement.

She was an apt pupil, and she soon began to improve.

Instead of "dat" she said "that"; "der," she substituted "the" for "der"; she eliminated all the slang she could detect from her conversation, and although her grammar was by no means faultless, her natural refinement asserted itself, and a very decided improvement was manifest.

Every evening the little family—Ralph, his mother, his sister, and Madge—met and discussed current topics, and the untutored, but enthusiastic girl listened eagerly to the discussions that were provoked, and sometimes spoke—usually to the point, though not always elegantly.

In these evening conversations Shirley Everton was sometimes spoken of, but after a time the interest that his singular visit to the bindery had excited began to grow less, and his name was mentioned with less frequency.

Ralph Straight, in his few leisure moments, had made some inquiries as to the mysterious connection between the millionaire and the humble, illiterate mother of Madge Mason, but had gained no information.

How could he?

What chance has worth in a contest with wealth—mind in a struggle with millions?

But during this time the mind of Shirley Everton was by no means easy.

He had heard nothing of Richard Harold for two weeks, and his mental condition was decidedly uncomfortable when one evening Tompkins entered his room and announced:

"That—er—gentleman who was here on the night of the big ball, sir, is waiting to see you again."

"Where is he?" asked Everton hoarsely.

"In the reception-room, sir."

"Tell him I'll be with him in a minute."

After taking a liberal drink from a black bottle that he kept in his desk, Everton descended to the reception-room, where Harold greeted him with:

"Ah, there! How goes it, old man?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HAROLD AT WORK.

Everton drew back haughtily.

His visitor's familiarity annoyed, offended him.

"Mr. Harold, I believe?" he said.

"Well, you believe right, old boy," said Harold, who was evidently a trifle "tipsy."

"I am Mr. Harold—otherwise Richard Harold, otherwise Dick Harold, otherwise etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Call me anything you please; but let's get down to business."

Everton maintained his frosty demeanor.

He had prepared himself for this interview, which he knew must come sooner or later.

"I am ready for 'business,'" he said.

"What communication have you to make to me? When we last met I believe we made a bargain?"

"Yes," interrupted Harold, "we did. I agreed to put the girl, Madge Mason, out of the way for a consideration—ain't that right?"

"Hush!" interposed Everton. "Not so loud!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Harold. "If your flunky had his ear glued to the keyhole he couldn't hear me."

"Well, that was our bargain," admitted Everton.

"Of course it was."

"But the girl has not been put out of the way."

"How do you know?" inquired Harold, sharply.

"Because I have kept my eyes open."

"Yes, you have, and you've opened your mouth once or twice too often, too. Oh, don't get mad now; I know all about your visit to

the bindery, and the way you made a fool of yourself there—I've heard the whole story."

"Sir—" began Everton.

"Don't get excited, I tell you," interrupted Harold. "You made a fool of yourself, as I said. I tol' you to leave the whole thing to me and you wouldn't, and you nearly gave yourself away."

"I heard nothing from you, and I had to satisfy myself," said Everton.

"You heard nothing from me because I was out of town."

"Yes, on business. I have other affairs on hand, my dear Everton, and yours, I thought, could afford to wait."

"But—"

"Just so. But, owing to your own stupidity—excuse me, dear boy—the business has got to be hurried a little. By your unlucky and ill-timed visit to the bindery you put yourself in a very unpleasant position. You said just enough to arouse the suspicions of Ralph Straight—who is no fool—and he has been trying to yank the skeleton out of the closet for the last fortnight. I think he is beginning to be discouraged now, but we ought to get to work, all the same."

"Well, then," asked Everton petulantly, "why don't you get to work?"

"I'm going to, my dear boy, but be patient—be patient."

"You intend to dispose of the girl?"

"Yes—at the price agreed upon."

"The half of my fortune?"

"Just so, one million dollars."

"I shall not pay it," said Everton resolutely.

"Oh, you won't?"

"No. Of what use will it be to me to have this girl put out of the way?"

"Don't you see any use in it?"

"No."

"Then you're even a bigger fool than I thought you were."

"Sir!"

"Now quiet down; lugs are thrown away on me."

"Well," said Everton after a brief silence, during which he seemed to be struggling with some strong internal emotion, "I can't see what good this girl's death is going to do me, after all."

"Can't you?"

"D. N. I shall still be an illegitimate son in the eyes of the law. Whether she lives or dies my position is the same."

"True. But it will be a deal safer after she's dead."

"Humph!"

"Oh, there's no sense in sneering about it; it's just as I say. With her out of the way who is there to dispute your claim to the estate?"

"You."

"I? Ha, ha, ha! Well, I might make you trouble if I wanted to, but I'm not the sort of fellow to do that if—I can make more by keeping my mouth shut."

"Exactly. Well, how much longer do you intend to be about the job?"

"Not much longer. You are still willing to give a cool million to get the girl out of the way?"

"Yes, if—"

"If the job is done at once—within twenty-four hours."

"Humph! Make it forty-eight."

"Forty-eight, then."

"Done!"

"You agree?"

"Do I? Within forty-eight hours I'll bring you proof of the death of Madge Mason."

Just before Stanley's book-bindery closed that evening, a pleasant-faced lady of about thirty-five drove up to the door of the establishment in a coupe.

Upon the door of the vehicle was an elaborate monogram, upon the box sat a liveried driver.

The appearance of such an equipage in that neighborhood created no slight excitement.

The sweet-faced lady sat and smiled benignantly upon them until the whistle blew, which announced the closing of the establishment.

Then the face of the inmate of the coupe assumed a hard, eager look, and, putting her head out of the window of the coupe, she asked in a whisper:

"Are you ready?"

"All ready," returned the driver in a low tone.

"Here they come!"

At this moment the girls, some wan and weary, some bright and happy, began to troop out of the great bindery.

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As Madge Mason stepped upon the pavement the driver gave a quick, sharp tap upon the window.

Instantly the lady threw open the door of the vehicle and stepped out.

Approaching Madge Mason, she said:

"May I have a few words with you, my dear?"

Her face was so pleasant, her manner so prepossessing, that Madge replied at once:

"Yes, ma'am. What is it?"

"Have you ever heard of the Hand and Heart Society?"

Madge never had, for the simple reason that no such society existed; so she replied in the negative.

"Well," said the sweet-faced lady, "it is a society for improving the condition of young working girls. I am its president, and this is the night of its monthly dinner. On these occasions I usually go about to places like this bindery and select some bright-faced young girl as my guest at the dinner. Your face attracted me; will you go with me?"

Madge hesitated.

"I—I ain't dressed fit," she said.

"You are dressed as well as any of the girls, my dear. But if you like we will stop at your home before we go to the dinner and give you an opportunity to 'fix up' a little."

"All right, ma'am," said Madge.

"You will go?"

"Yes'm."

"Then step into the carriage."

Reflecting that she could tell Ralph and his sister all about her proposed evening's entertainment as soon as she got home (for they had preceded her), she stepped into the coupe.

Scarcely had she done so when the window shades were pulled down.

A peculiar, subtle odor permeated the vehicle, and Madge sunk back unconscious.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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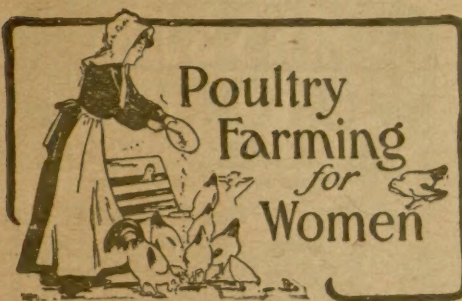
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## Winter Eggs

**T**HE best way to explain the necessity for certain ingredients in the winter bill of fare is to give you, in a condensed and simple form, the chemical analysis of the egg:

Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil fat, 135 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar coloring matter, 26 grains.

The remaining hundred parts of the thousand constituting an egg, are used in the makeup of the shell, consisting of fifty grains of salts of lime, twenty grains of uncombined lime (calcium oxide), the remainder being carbonic acid, water or ferystallization.

Perhaps a brief explanation of even this simple analysis may prove useful. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food usually referred to as nitrogenous. Oil, fat, etc., are merged under the heading of carbon necessary for warmth. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, sulphur, etc. It must not be imagined that my endeavors to explain the food analysis is a reflection on your intelligence or power of comprehension. It is prompted entirely by the contorted condition of most of the reading matter in nearly all the published books. Close reading of this matter used to leave my poor brain in a very hazy, muzzy condition, when I began to study cause and effect, practically, in poultry culture. Experience, however, taught me the common sense of much that, at first, seemed theoretical jumble, because of the involved theoretical terms; so, after reading and digesting various authorities, a notebook was compiled for my own use, containing the gist of each article in the simplest terms possible to convey the information. During the last thirteen years practical tests of the value and benefit to be derived from each individual item has been made. When, as occasionally happened, a statement did not prove true, it was cut out; now I flatter myself there is little left in the book which is not "tested, tried, and true" worthy your close attention, for it will save you much groping in a wrong direction. Knowing the material necessary to make the egg, no one ought to be foolish enough to expect Biddy to supply liberally, unless she is provided with the necessary ingredients. Farmers complain that hens lay all the eggs in the spring when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, but the moment the price goes up they "go out of business"—stop laying. Well, it is the farmer's fault. In the spring when they run loose, they obtain, on their own account, nearly everything necessary for the formation of the egg, but in the cold weather, insects and green foods are scarce; want of material stops production. The hens have urgent need then of the farmer's help, and too often don't get it.

Having, I sincerely hope, convinced you of the common sense of balanced rations, the next consideration is what farm-grown feeds best and most cheaply supply Biddy's wants?

We will start with the foods that give the greatest quantity of lime, because it is needed for shell and some fractional part of the white and yolk—most essential, for it is turned during incubation into bone, the very foundation of the chicken. Clover hay, linseed meal, and wheat bran contain about six pounds of lime in every hundred. Turnip tops, beets, carrots and all "rasses" have also a goodly percentage. Flesh comes from nitrogenous or albumen foods, first of which are beef, linseed meal, middlings, bran, clover hay, oats, wheat and skimmed milk. Fat and heat we get from carbonaceous provenders, among which corn and buckwheat lead, closely followed by oats, wheat, rye, clover hay, linseed meal and milk unskimmed.

Mineral matter, lime, soda, potash, magnesia, sulphur, are principally formed by the action of digestion in reducing the matter containing these ingredients to ash. The usual troubles assailing poultry on most farms come from the feeding of only one of these elements: poor Biddy has to stuff herself all flesh, and no warmth, or all fat and no flesh.

Kill a bird that has been fed on corn only, and it will be heavy with layers of internal fat, but showing a very poor depth of breast meat. Balancing rations by trying to equalize flesh, fat (warmth), and mineral is not a very hard proposition when the values of even a few grains and plants are realized.

Having read so far, you will now realize that clover hay, linseed meal, bran, wheat, oats, beef scraps and skimmed milk contain practically all the equivalents of summer foods; the addition therefore of corn, buckwheat or rye in cold weather are safe and simple, if given only as warmth-makers. Never allow the proportion to exceed what is needed for that purpose, or fat will be made and stored, neutralizing all your care. In other words, the hen fed on corn only, in order to accumulate the ten parts of flesh and twenty parts of fat needed for the egg, will be compelled to acquire fifty parts more fat than she requires.

Green bone and water now alone remain for consideration. The former is beyond doubt the best of egg foods qualifying as it does in nearly all the needed elements. Many farmers scoff at the idea of having to pay for a mill to cut up bone for chickens, yet the same men will not grudge a hay cutter for the horse and cow. Green bone means fresh bone from the butcher, which can be bought for about two cents a pound. The mill to grind it ranges from eight to fifteen dollars. It contains the natural meat, juices, blood, gristle, oil and mineral matter in soluble condition which renders it easy of digestion, especially for birds. Almost all the components for eggs—white, yolk, and shell,—in the most concentrated form possible. So, if eggs are to be profitable, the bone mill must be kept going. When it is impossible to obtain the green or fresh bone, the ground, sold especially for poultry, can be used, though it is not half

as satisfactory because the grinding process it has to submit to before grinding, leaves little but the phosphate of lime and earthy matter which clover and bran furnish in better form. At least half the egg is composed of water, surely a sufficient reason for impressing the importance of a generous supply accessible at all times in clean dishes of a proper temperature, cool in summer and the chill off in winter. The foregoing will enable those who want to make up combinations from the materials at hand which will include the necessary elements, to select for themselves.

## Bees

Nearly all the winter losses can be traced to starvation. See that each colony has an abundance of well sealed stores.

If the beehives are in an exposed place, try edging up some boards at their backs; or get up a few bundles of fodder before winter rightly sets in. Lots of things are not attended to at all, simply because they cannot be done in a shipshape manner.

Do not try to winter your bees too warm. They need access of air from the bottom.

Liquid honey syrup should not be given to bees in winter for food. At this time they are not able to evaporate the excessive water from it. They should have been supplied with food in the autumn. But, as a last resort, take a cupful of liquid honey and work into it all the powdered sugar it will readily absorb; make the dough into the form of a pancake, and lay it on the brood frames directly over the cluster of bees; cover up warm and leave until spring. Then feed, for stimulative brood-rearing, liquid honey or sugar syrup.

Bees will winter better in a double-walled hive, north of latitude forty. A single-walled hive will do very well, providing a hood, say six to eight inches deep, is used instead of a flat cover.

Deep hives are very much better for the bees to winter in than are the shallow ones; but, if the hives are made too deep, very little surplus honey, will be secured. Many beekeepers, including myself, now use two bodies at certain times of the season, removing one just at the beginning of the main honey flow, and putting on the section boxes. The idea is to keep the whole working force of the colony together, and crowd them into the section boxes.

Many of us remember the old method of keeping bees in box hives for breeders, allowing them to swarm, then putting the swarms into other hives and depending on them for our surplus honey. In the fall of the year the swarms were brimstoned and the hives rooded of their honey; after which they were stored away to be used again the next year.

## Correspondence

A. F. D.—Keeps a great many rabbits and asks the following questions: Which are the most profitable to raise as a business, Belgian hares or fancy rabbits? (2) Do black, black and white, or blue and white rabbits sell as fancy rabbits? (3) Can you tell me whether there is a paper printed called the Animal World? (4) I have a Belgian hare that has a swelling on the left side of the face, between the eye and nose, and runs down to his upper lip; there is a white matter running from his eye. He makes a wheezy noise when he eats. I bought him three months ago. He seemed all right, but three days after I had him, he jumped out of the box I had him in. When I caught him, his face was cut open where the swelling now is, and he had bled a good deal. I keep him in an open box with four half-grown rabbits, which are healthy. I feed grass, corn and oats ground together, and a small piece of bread twice a day.

A.—Much depends on your market. If you have space to keep Belgians in large quantities, and can supply general produce markets, and money to buy stock, they are undoubtedly profitable. Keeping only a few white rabbits or anyone of the fancy breeds would pay better. (2) The ordinary mixed colors sell as pets, when young, for about fifteen cents each; black and white, and blue and white, when true to the Dutch markings, are among the best of fancy rabbits. (3) I should imagine the buck got some dirt into the cut, which has caused an abscess to form. Bathe the face with lukewarm water, then apply carbolic acid; repeat this treatment every day until all matter and swelling has disappeared. You should not keep a buck in a hutch with half-grown rabbits; put him in a place by himself. Do you give salt in the feed twice a week, or in the drinking water? If not, neglect it no longer, or at least put a lump of rock salt in the hutch. Instead of ground feed all the time, use whole oats. Gather a few oak-leaves and acorns, and put them in his house; he is sure to nibble them and they are one of the best natural tonics for all rabbits.

S. G. S.—I have a new disease among my chickens, and my neighbors are anxious to have me ask you about it. The first was a half-grown bird, and I thought, when first looking at it, that its back was injured. It could hardly stand up. I put it in a little storehouse. It seemed very hungry and pecked at its food rapidly but never got a crumb! I put food in its mouth and it swallowed. The next morning there were eight similarly affected; all young chicks. In a day or two some hens commenced. In all I lost about thirty. Some had slight diarrhea; others, not any. They lived a long time after being taken sick and seemed to die from exhaustion; their combs were red until they died. I dissected one, but couldn't see anything.

A.—I should imagine there must be some form of indigestion and liver trouble running riot among your chickens, and, as it affects young and old alike, there must be some easily found cause for it. If the birds are on free range, a ripening wheat or barley field may be answerable for over-feeding; new grain is dangerous. Lime or strong fertilizers will attract poultry and is an enlargement of the food passage just before it reaches the gizzard, and is seldom met except in connection with an attack of inflammation of the crop—overfeeding will cause such a complication. I once lost a lot of chickens with just such symptoms as you describe. After much trouble we traced the cause to a leakage in the kitchen sink drain, which allowed a small quantity of all the water emptied, to run out onto the ground about two feet from the house. It was spring cleaning time and a quantity of washing-powder and strong soap had been in use. If you can trace the trouble with your poultry to some such cause, boil rice and give them the water to drink. Feed a light mash which has been moistened with clover tea. Half a teaspoonful of castor-oil when you first notice anything wrong would help to clean the intestines.

P. L. C.—Pack the eggs in a large jar or crock and cover with brine.

S. H. M.—The color of the yolk of the egg depends as much on the breed as on the food. Green cut bone, clover, bran, lean meat, are all good egg foods.

C. M.—has a rooster which became lame in one foot, which was badly swollen. A week later the other foot commenced, and now he can't walk at all. The birds are troubled with vermin to such an extent their feathers won't grow.

A.—Bumble foot comes from a bruise, and want of green food, or sometimes, dirty quarters. If there seems to be any pus in the foot, open it with a sharp knife and bathe in warm water to which a few drops of carbolic acid

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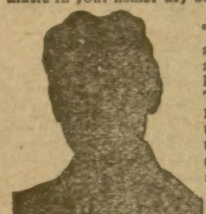
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has been added. Keep the bird in a small coop, the floor of which is covered with clean, soft hay.

Set to work and clean the poultry-house. If there is an earth door, scrape off two or three inches; shut the house up tight and burn sulphur in it. After removing all the dirt, give the ceiling, sides, and every hole and corner, a coat of boiling hot lime wash, into each quart of which has been added two tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil and one of carbolic acid; douche all the corners well. The hens must be powdered every other night for two weeks with Dalmation powder then give the house another cleaning. Unless you work hard now, there will be no winter eggs.

R. K.—Is it profitable to caponize young chickens. (2) What is the best age? (3) I have about fifty between two and three months old. Would you advise me caponizing them? (4) Should late hatches be started this month or next? If you could send me some literature on caponizing I should be glad.

A.—It is very profitable to caponize young roosters, and the work is best done when about three months old. You will require a set of instruments and a few lessons from an experienced operator. I could not advise your undertaking this branch of poultry-raising unless you have a specially good market for expensive goods, and have already mastered the business of feeding for table. Being a woman alone, my advice is to devote your energies to building up a good flock of laying hens, as eggs are always in demand. Late hatches should be started in August or September, which will give you broilers for Christmas, December and January are the best months to hatch for the early summer broiler.

E. L. W.—Please tell me the best kind of pigeons or doves for scrub-raising, and where I can buy them.

A.—The Homer pigeon is the only one worth keeping for scrub-raising. I think you will find addresses of dealers in the advertising columns.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

O. C. I do wish your paper would come oftener, once a week if possible.

I will give you a pen picture of myself. I was eighteen in September. I am five feet nine inches in height, weigh one hundred and fifty-two pounds, have a fair complexion, dark curly hair and gray eyes.

I live in the country. I have three sisters and three brothers. We live two miles out of the city on a lovely farm of fifteen acres. We have five fine horses and two rich cows. We raise grain, vegetables, apples, pears, peaches and olives, we also have two acres of grapes.

My father is living. He is sixty years of age. My mother died last January. I am the oldest of the children. My sister Ruby is next. She keeps house for all of us and is a splendid housekeeper.

In the future (that is if this doesn't find its way to the waste-basket), I will write about our city.

I would greatly appreciate letters from the cousins, especially from Maine and New York, and will answer all. I remain, your loving nephew and cousin, MICHAEL V. HAGATA.

Michael, I am grieved to hear you have lost your mother, and you have my deepest sympathy. There is no heart wrench in the world so deep and lasting and terrible as the loss of a dear, good saintly mother. I am so glad sister is able to take care of you all. I hope you appreciate her devotion and make her as little trouble as possible. Give Ruby my love and tell her she is well named, as she is a jewel that is priceless. And now Michael, let me tell you that there is a piece of information in your letter that has interested me deeply. In fact, I am more than interested. I am excited. You tell us you have two rich cows and I want to know if you would brace the richest of the two for a small loan. To

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be frank with you, and not only to be Frank, but George, John and Willie with you as well, I am pressed for money. Now Mickey, excuse my familiarity, but I always get confidential on such occasions,—I don't know if you ever were pressed for money, but I'll tell you right here, it's a perilous and painful condition. A man came up last night and pressed me for the payment of an old \$5 debt, and when he got through pressing me, I was as flat as a Dutch pancake and as thin as a souvenir postal. First of all he started to press me with an axe. Then he jumped on me. He informed me that he would be back in a month's time and press me some more, and when he came next time, he'd manure my face with his boot heel. That guy pressed me so flat, it will be weeks before I get round again—so the doctor says. Now Mickey, it (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

DEAR COMFORT BOYS:

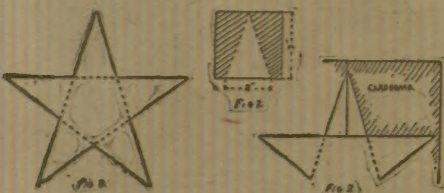
**A**NOTHER month and I picture you all eager for new ideas and suggestions. The installment of items this month is of unusual interest opening with

## Hurry Scurry

"Hurry Scurry" is the apt name of an indoor game that for its kind yields as much harmless fun as any I know of. Place a number of chairs, one less than there are players, in a room as compactly as possible, and then all retire to the adjoining room except one person. He is called the captain and begins to read or sing slowly. Suddenly he comes to an abrupt stop and each player runs helter-skelter for a chair. The one who is disappointed drops out of the game and takes a chair with him. This is kept up until there is only one person left. The contest is interesting all through, but between the last two it is almost hair raising.

## Drawing a Star

It is often necessary in various mechanical jobs to be able to draw a five pointed star. If you try it with ordinary tools I think you will find it quite impossible to draw a star which has uniform angles and lines. Now, if we analyze the figure we will find that it is composed



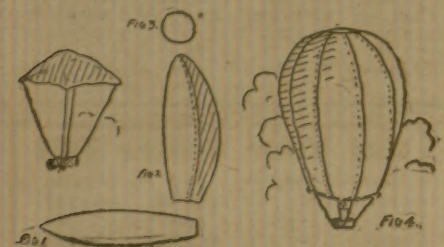
of five triangles, and as anyone can draw a triangle we are in a fair way to master the difficulty. The best way to go about it is to cut out a pasteboard pattern as shown in Fig. 1, and use it five times. The accompanying drawings make the method very plain.

## Simple Coin Trick

Ask one of the company if he will accept a dime and upon receiving an affirmative answer show him the coin and press it in his open palm with a thumb that has been previously dipped in wax. Then quickly withdraw your thumb with the dime adhering to it and close the other person's hand. He will be most certain that the coin is still in his hand, for the sensation produced by the pressing will remain. Tell him he is at perfect liberty to keep it and upon opening his hand he will find to his intense astonishment that it has vanished. If you now show him the same coin you will still further mystify him.

## Balloon

Paper balloons are a source of much amusement to the outdoor boy. The common parachute is easily made of a piece of tissue paper, tied with two strings from corner to corner, knotted where they cross. Throw the hanging weight into the air just as you would a ball and the parachute will open and float slowly



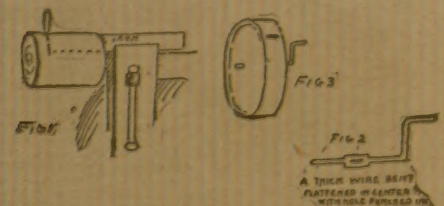
to the ground. A more ambitious effort is the paper balloon made of long, narrow curved sections, like Fig. 1. Eleven is enough, if you cut and lap uniformly as shown in Fig. 2. A mixture of flour and water is used for paste. The top circular piece, Fig. 3, can be put in last. Place a small candle or oil dampened sponge in the bottom hoop, light it and the hot air will soon inflate the balloon and cause it to float into the air, when you can watch it for hours.

## Lightning Calculation

To multiply any number that contains two figures, that is, one that is more than ten and less than one hundred, by eleven, all you have to do is to add the digits together and place their sum between the two figures or digits. Example: 52 x 11 equals 572. We find it by adding 5 and 2 together and placing their sum 7 between the two figures themselves, namely, 5 and 2. If the sum of the two figures exceed 9 the left-hand figure must be increased 1, thus 48 x 11 equals 528. Practice this rule till you understand it thoroughly, you will find it very convenient in your schoolwork and in real life too.

## Fishline Reel

As fishing is one of the country lad's chief pleasures he should always have his lines in ready compact form. Here's a reel that can be made in a few minutes from an old baking



powder can. In the manner shown in Fig. 1 cut off the can to a depth of one inch. Now place the cover on and drive a spike exactly through the center. The edges of the holes should then be filed smooth and a piece of wire bent, flattened, and punched to serve as an axle and crank fitted in. Fig. 2 clearly illus-

trates this idea. Two slots that coincide are cut in the rim to let the line feed in and out. Knot the line to the center of the reel, close the can just as you would close any tin box, and wind up as you wind a tape line.

## Creating Smoke

Tell the company present that you can easily fill two bottles with smoke without any matches, fuel or any inflammable substance. When some one dares you to do it, get two common bottles which you have secretly prepared by rinsing one with spirits of salt and the other with ammonia. Put the mouths of the two bottles together and the two invisible exhalations will be converted into a white vapor which will immediately fill them like thick smoke.

## Coin Trick

Here's a neat little trick that any one can perform without practice or apparatus. Balance a common playing card upon the tip of the left forefinger and place a penny on it directly over the finger. Now tell the company that you propose to remove the card without disturbing the coin. It looks very difficult and of course some one will say that you cannot do it. It is accomplished by snapping the end of the card with end of the second finger of the right hand.

You will find all this interesting and I hope to give you next month, some very new ideas, that are to surpass anything we have had. Good bye until November.

Your Uncle John.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

struck me, and struck me hard, that you could help me out in this matter. Of course I don't know how rich your cows are, but probably they have several millions of dollars saved up, and surely they wouldn't mind letting me have a small sum on excellent security for about ninety years. Touch 'em for a ten spot first, and send it by express or money order. Two rich lady cows ought to be able to do that much for a man when he's pressed for money. I'm sure I'd do as much for them. If they needed the loan and I had the bucks, I'd come across with the dust. If they won't ante up with the masumas, tell me where these rich cows keep their wads and I'll see if I can break into their safety deposit vaults, and get next to a bunch of their long green. I don't see why cows should be rich when I'm poor, and so I've put the matter up to you, and you interview the Rockefeller cows and see if you can't get them to pony up a bunch of their real dough to tide me over till the reubens nest again.

A little Western lassie has a few remarks to make.

MT. VERNON, WASH., Jan. 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I was sweet sixteen last Nov., and you must know I feel big. I have gray eyes, light brown hair, fair complexion, am five feet eight inches tall, weigh nearly two hundred pounds. Get over a little farther, kids, this is not enough room for me. I hope you did not get washed out during the flood. I came near it. I was in Stanwood at the time. The sidewalks were all afloat, a railroad bridge was washed out between Stanwood and Mt. Vernon and the trains could not run. The wagon bridge over the Skagit river in West Mt. Vernon was washed out. One man got killed. He was the husband of one of my cousins.

I went to a play party last Saturday night, never got back till half past two o'clock Sunday morning. Had a swell time. Say, Uncle Charlie, I am going to ask what you will say is a foolish question, but I am in earnest. Why don't they train girls to be soldiers? I would go in a minute! I don't know that this great country of ours would ever need any more soldiers than they have, but we could learn to use arms, and protect our homes, in case of an attack. How many of the cousins, that is the girls, are willing to go? I expect you will all say "no" so we will drop the subject.

CLARA PUFFER. Clara, you have gray eyes, eh? I'm sorry to hear your eyes are turning gray at such an early age. I trust your hair is holding out, and showing no signs of following suit. I was not washed out during the flood. I was nearly drowned outside, but I have not been washed out since I interviewed a doctor and a stomach pump several years ago. I'm sorry you had a swell time at the play party. I had a swell time once, and I never want another. The cook in a boarding house that I used to reside in, tried to commit suicide. She put half a ton of rough on rats in a cup of coffee, and before she could drink it, the waitress picked it up by mistake and handed it to me, and I got outside of it before the cook could say a word. Then I had a swell time. I kept swelling, until I could not swell any sweller. I became such a big swell, that I couldn't get through the door. I tell you now, I had a swollen head and a sweltering time just then. It was weeks before the swelling went down, and I became of normal size again. Look out for those swell times, Clara, they are dangerous. Clara, you are not the only Puffer. I was a puffer too, when I had that swell time.

Your idea of girls being soldiers is dargling original, and I think it immense. As far as I am concerned, if war broke out I'd be only too glad to let the women do the fighting so long as they would let me do the running and hiding. A regiment of American girls could conquer the world without drawing a gun or shooting a sword. Their beauty and charm would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had women soldiers, too, things would be different. If ever two regiments of women soldiers get scrapping, may I be there to see the fun. I'll bet there would be the dandiest hair pulling time that ever happened. Gee, but that would be a battle worth going miles to see. You would see the "rats" falling out of the pomadours all right, all right. There would not be much damage done, unless they got prodding each other with ten-inch hat pins. I would rather go up against a dozen Maxim guns than tackle an angry female with a hat pin. I have been there and I know. As regards the use of arms, Clara, I don't think anyone could give the women pointers on that. You will remember that directly you were born, you were a baby in arms, and able to put up a pretty good fight I have no doubt. A sweet young gazelle-eyed blonde peach once gave me a lesson in arms I shall never forget. She put two of the fairest, dimpled, whitest embracers you ever saw around my frazzled goose neck, and I thought I was the whole cheese factory. I did not know that one of those peachy arms was reaching for my

pocketbook, and the other was digging out my ninety-eight cent Ingersoll, but they were. When I came out of my trance I discovered I was shy a dollar and eleven cents, three pawn tickets, and a tooth brush that has been in our family four hundred years, a steel gold watch and two bone collar buttons. Oh, no Clara, it is not necessary to teach girls the use of arms, they can all use 'em, and when they get through using 'em, a poor man has not got much left, except a little experience and a good-sized grouch.

All the cousins are anxious to have me print more pottery from the League "Pots", and as I believe in encouraging the work of budding genius, I have much pleasure in submitting the following letter and poem from one of our sublimest "Pots".

RAYMOND, WASH., July 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I live six miles from the city of Raymond, in the woods where the birds and squarrels only sing to me. I am employed in a logging camp where they log with engines. I am nineteen years of age and six feet tall, weigh one hundred and eighty pounds. Have brown eyes and dark hair. My father has a ranch about three miles from where I am employed. The country is very fine in Summer but bad in winter.

I am a great lover of music but don't like to dance. There are no girls in this country. They are very scarce.

All the cousins may write to me I will tell them how we put logs in the river with our steam engines, the girls especially, are sure to get an answer from me soon.

Now Uncle, if you ever come to Washington bring me a sweetheart and I assure you I will get you a job in our logging camp.

And another thing I am a great song writer and I will write you all kinds of pretty songs and poems. So don't forget my pleadings, Uncle. I will write you one song for a sample.

## True Love

There is a young maiden sitting on a small bench under an apple tree,  
And she is waiting for someone.  
Ear now she hears a step behind her  
And she turns here loving head around  
And there by her side stands a young youth.

CHORUS.  
Yes we are two true lovers,  
ditto ditto ditto  
And some day we shall join our hands together  
fore ever and ever.

He is a handsome young boy though,  
And he has a small farm by a river  
Tis the spot where I love to be with him  
Cause he is so kind and gentle to me.  
And Oh how I do love him  
Though some day I shall be his wife,  
And he will be my husband for ever.

CHORUS.

Now this is my sample song and I wish to see all in print.  
As this is my first time to join your circle,  
I will close my letter now. Wishing to hear from some of the cousins, I am yours (author)  
JOE JAVORSKY (No. 16,190).

Joe, you were certainly inspired when you wrote the appallingly beautiful lyric above. I should think it was easy to write poetry when the "squarrels" sing, but alas, I never saw a squarrel, let alone heard one sing. Toby says he thinks a squarrel is the mother-in-law of a squirrel and that they sing through their ears once every seven years. As to this I am not competent to speak, but I should think you must have had the assistance of a good many squarrels when you wrote your medal winning love lyric. You have chosen a beautiful title for your poetry. "True Love" is an inspiring subject, and you have certainly handled it in masterly style. You have five lines in your first spasm, and none of them rhyme, and all differ as to length. So you have violated every poetic rule but that doesn't matter. A Pot can't have his fiery soul held down by mere rules, and then maybe the squarrels got in their fine work, and the rhymes got up and skidded to the tall grass. The last line of the first verse is sublime. "And there by her side stands a young youth". Joe, I am glad you told us that he was a young youth for we'd have had a fit if he had been an old youth. You also say the young lady was "waiting" for someone. Now, I've never seen a lady "wat" for anyone. Joe, do tell us what's a "wat". Can a young lady stand on the "wat" question. Yours chorus too, is Honest Injun, Joe, you've got us all guessing on the "wat" question. Your chorus too, is fine. But how can we sing the second line? Surely you don't expect us to sing, "Yes we are two true lovers, ditto, ditto, ditto". That would sound dreadful. Now let me tell you how I would have written that first verse and chorus. Please note that my lines rhyme, and that the rhythm and metre are correct.

There was a young maiden, she sat 'neath a tree,  
When a whopping big apple fopped down on her knee,  
And she gazed at that apple with joy and delight,  
Then she opened her mouth and took a big bite.

CHORUS.  
But that apple was green,—oh, that apple was green,  
And an agonized look on her fair face was seen.  
For no sooner had she, that green apple bit oh!  
Than she had a pain in her ditto, ditto, ditto.

Joe, you might have the lover ride up on a gasoline chow chow, with a doctor and save her life, and win her for his very own hash chopper and button sewer for life. In your chorus, you say the lovers are going to join hands for ever and ever. That would never do, Joe. Think of the predicament he'd be in if a skeeter bit him in the middle of the back and he couldn't jar loose to scratch himself in a hurry. How would she be able to fill her face with pork and beans, with her hands tied up forever and ever? Your (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

hart of Wellington, Mo. I suppose you all have read of him.

I should like to receive letters from different states, also from foreign countries, especially from persons aged between thirty and forty. I will answer all who inclose postage.

Miss NANNIE HAYS, Box 9, Jeoroldstown, L. D., 3, Tenn.

My DEARS:

Those of us that live where the maple trees grow are certainly enjoying the beautiful changing foliage. Make the most of the outdoor life during this time. Our August number of dear old COMFORT was full of good things. The barrel-shaped hat-pin holder was too cute for anything. I think I shall manufacture about six of them for Christmas, then the paper-napkin ribbon box, and some of those crocheted belts. Girls, get out your materials, crochet hooks and go to work, crocheting them of cream white with ribbon of the same color, and for those that can embroider there is the dolly. We should all be experts at all of this fancy work, as Mrs. Wilkinson has been instructing us for so long. Then the letters in our corner. I am proud of COMFORT. I get many complimentary letters from our friends all over the continent, and one from my boy Hy Stanley. God bless him!

Hurrah for Florida and for Mrs. Ennis, and her neighbor, Mrs. Winchell. I certainly hope Mrs. E. you may get the entire fifty subscribers for the best paper printed for the money, I am going down this winter for some of that Saurkraut.

At last girls you have the Salt Rising and Buttermilk Bread that I promised you long ago, but I suppose our COMFORT people had to have a rest during the summer, and furthermore probably thought you had all better buy baker's bread during the heated term, which was certainly very sensible. I know I thought it.

I am going to send right off for "Take me back to Dixie," the chorus is fine; the last strain is the air of "Old Folks at Home." I like it. "Elaine." Someone wants Elaine to call him back, so they can kiss and make up. The song is worth a great deal, more than our COMFORT people ask for it. Let me tell you. "Silver Heels" was composed by Nell Root and we all know what Nell's music is. "Fascination" is by W. C. Powell, as is "Elaine." Only think, anyone of the above can be had for getting a club of three subscriptions to our blessed old COMFORT. Just think of it, no don't stop to think; send right off and get one, or all of them.

Boys, have you a wife? If not look on page twenty-two of our August number, last color, and see what you can get for a club of seven subscribers.

St. Elmo and Edna. We have certainly enjoyed your company, but shall not miss you as we have more just like you coming. "Shadow of the Cross" is fine. Surely we owe an all-patronic vote of thanks to our COMFORT Editor for all these good things.

Mr. Robinson. The twenty-sixth of October, 1904, came on Thursday.

Our August number introduced Miss Katherine Booth; it will not be her fault if all our girls are not made beautiful. Write to her Miss Twenty-four, and see what she recommends for reducing flesh. What will our COMFORT people think of next? I wonder? Is there anything we have not got in COMFORT? Now they are giving us another fine story by the talented writer, Mrs. Evans; the opening chapters are certainly promising.

Who said they thought "J. A. D." was a church of England woman?

Welcome Mrs. Haygood to our corner. Mrs. H. is an angel of goodness and mercy; many of our shut-in pray for and bless her for her kindness and generosity.

Let me say to all those writing me bewailing their lives, their lot, their fortunes, many of them have made their beds and must lie in them. Circumstances have brought about some of the unhappy cases, but we must make the best of it. To wives, try to interest yourselves in your home duties, your work, your children, your husband's interests. Make them yours, help him. Do try to be cheerful, I know it is hard many times and goes against the grain, but we must do it, meet him with a smile and kind word; if he moans, and groans over the hard work and join in, take the opposite side, try to show him that "things are brightening, the clouds are surely lifting, and from the experience of this year, we can do better next year." Now don't forget my advice: men have got to be encouraged, helped, held up, to a certain extent. Talk about women being the weaker vessel. I was warring that nine out of ten of my women readers, practice just exactly what I have written here, they have to, or some men would go all to pieces if it were not for that good little patient woman at his side. Keep it up; it is the only thing to do, and will, to some who have written me, bring about peace and happiness in the home. We bring more. To the one writing me stating that "Husband objects to my belonging to a club, as it takes me away from home too much. Often I am not at home when he comes in, and he does not like it." To that one I would advise *drop the club*. Perhaps husband would enjoy some good historical works, lectures on different subjects for the benefit of both. These clubs are very interesting, instructive, and entertaining, but I know of instances where they have helped in breaking up a home.

A married woman's first thought should be her husband, his wishes, his likes and dislikes, then her children and home. Any woman in ordinary circumstances, a husband on a small salary with three children and not able to keep a maid should, in my estimation, have about all she can do at home. How happy the wife and mother who hears from husband and children as soon as they come into the house (if she is not in sight). "Where's Mamma?" Those are happy days for mothers, as the years go by and then her children and home of their own. How we miss them. How our hearts long to hear the childish voices. Then after husband passes on, how lonely, longing "for the clasp of a vanished hand," a word from those loving lips. Oh, wives be careful, be tender, be thoughtful, so that you may not reap tears.

To the educated girl returning to the dear old farm, do not think because you can read Latin and Greek, that you are above scrubbing the floor, and washing the dishes. Relieve the poor, tired, worn-out mother that has stood at the helm all these years, give her a rest, take the reins in your hands, your educated hands, perhaps they can devise some means of lightening the burdens appertaining to the home. Brains, and education are not, and need not be wasted on a farm, the long winter evenings can be devoted to reading. By planning, having system, and management about your work you can find time to paint, and follow the instincts of your refined nature; it need not be lost, or wasted because you are on the farm, your place is with your parents, take my advice remain at home. If there were other children it would be different; your first duty is to them in my estimation.

Mrs. J. L. E. Your postal received on my birthday. Thanks.

Mrs. Gilbert. I wonder if you are our oldest subscriber? I shall long remember the 26th of August, as I fell in love with you so you would receive the letter upon that day. I am sure you appreciated the premium you received. Your words remind me of a hymn, the chorus of which is

"Trusting as the moments fly,  
Trusting the days go by;  
Trusting him who'er befall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

Where in the world are you, Mrs. Linden, and that great-good natured cousin of yours? I wonder if he is married yet?

Michigan friend. Thanks for the card, I wonder if you are the one that sent me the money

for my shut-in fund? God bless you whoever you are.

Mrs. Nicolas Collette. I really wish you had sent the dolly to someone else, as I have no time for that work. I shall try to comply with your request as soon as possible.

Mrs. Merritt. Card received. Thanks. Uncle Charlie's book of poems is all right, from start to finish. I am pleased that you like it. Let us all remember that COMFORT will make a welcome Christmas present to many of our friends, and then, besides, think of the prizes they are offering us. I hope the friend that wrote me about those medallion pictures has got some for her den. They are lovely, as are many other prizes they give. I know of many "St. Elmo's" that are to be given for Christmas gifts, the recipients of which will thank and bless COMFORT for offering such valuable prizes. Let the small boys get out those large pumpkins, cut out eyes, nose and mouth, insert a candle and put one on each gate post, for Halloween Eve. How spooky they will look!

N. B. Monday's for wealth, Tuesday's for health, Wednesday's the best day of all, Thursday's for losses, Friday's for crosses, and Saturday's no day at all. June is the best month.

M. M. I am going to tell you about how to prevent those awful chills next month, if possible, for next winter they will trouble you, if I do not.

J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE), Orange, Mass.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank the many sisters for kindly remembering me through the month of May in honor of my boy's birthmonth. Some of the letters were full of sorrow, even greater than my own—some were full of gladness, but all were kind. One dear lady from the South, sent me some Spanish moss and phosporated pebbles, others sent tracts, books and postal cards; one kind one sent just a verse or two which were appreciated. As a number signed no name I want to thank all for their kindness in remembering me. I have answered a few of the letters, as some sent stamps and I would have been glad to have answered all of them, but my purse would hardly allow so much for postage. Many thanks for your kind letter, also the lovely poem. Sometime, we shall say "God knew best." I will certainly pass the kindness along.

Mrs. James Nye. I do not think we belong to one another, for my husband's people were not English. Thank you for your kind words.

Mrs. Aurilla Alger. Thank you for the penny sent in your letter, it certainly denotes true love, and that is what we all ought to have for one another.

Mrs. H. Fletcher. I regret you sprained your ankle. I hope you have completely recovered. Sometime I may write and tell you of myself and family as requested.

Miss L. M. Lebing. I wish I could see one of the rugs you have made. I should think they might be very durable.

Mrs. S. M. Sutton. Perhaps I can send you the lace later.

Miss May Pryor. Thank you for the pattern for the crocheted mitten. Do you want it back?

Mrs. Stella Eleonor. I too, love to read the Sisters' Corner. My children are, Ruth, thirteen; Ella, six. I will try to write to you sometime.

Miss Alice H. Blume. I thank you for your kind letter. I hope you will be successful in your nursing.

Mrs. R. E. Umm. It certainly is a wonderful status "Not dead but sleepeth." What a blessed thought! Thank you for the remembrance.

Mrs. Agnes A. Fish. You sent beautiful verses, for it is comforting to know we shall see "them" again.

Besides these I have mentioned, I thank all who wrote extending their sympathy, each letter gave me comfort and encouragement.

As the sisters take such a kindly interest in each other I will ask you all to remember a neighbor of mine, Mr. Henry Albino, 30, Coventry, Pine Knoll, Conn., a man of eighty-six years, whose left side is paralyzed from a shock, and who is in need of cheer and break the monotony of his life, and also that of his dear patient daughter who cares for him.

Mrs. CORA E. B. NYE, Box 27, So. Coventry, Conn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

promise to write me a "poet," Joe, is very generous, and I think I'll accept, for I've no doubt you could compose a poet even better than you manufacture pottery. You might write me a poet ten feet tall with green eyes, blue whiskers, a far-away look, a hook nose, and a large fat juicy half a million dollar wad. After you composed a poet of that description, you read him one of your exquisite and fatal poems of pottery, and while he's dying, I'll swipe his wad and leave you to bury him, while the sparrows sing a requiem. If the pottery doesn't kill him, we can get an axe and soak him one on the ditto, ditto, ditto.

Next we have our monthly shut-in letter.

FINLEYSON, GA. R. D., 2, July 23, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please thank the cousins for their cheering letters and will you please tell them I grow weaker and weaker everyday? My dear old mother is also very feeble. She is seventy years of age and able to do but little.

I have been a helpless cripple since childhood. Please remember me in your prayers, and help me all you can. I support myself by selling bookmarks with my pictures on them, for twenty-five cents.

I shall be glad to get some orders for them. Your loving niece and shut-in friend,

REBECCA WHITEFIELD.

Rebecca is a poor little mite of humanity who has had one long life of suffering. I have had many letters from her, and have always found her cheerful and uncomplaining.

She has been waiting patiently for nearly two years for her turn to have a letter in print. There is a long hard winter in front of her and her poor old mother. You have it in your power to bring a great deal of sunshine into that little Georgia home.

The grip of winter reaches even into the Sunny South. Do what you can to keep the wolf from the door of this humble abode.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

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# Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

(Copyright, Wm. J. Benners, 1907.)

## CHAPTER I.

JOB SEAGRAIN AND WIFE.

"WHAT'S the use of talking, Job Seagrain?" exclaimed Squire Peter Shifflety.

"Taint no use, Squire Peter," replied Job, meekly, as he looked back at his visitor; "I can't pay sixty-five dollars no more'n I can fly. I haven't got a dollar in my trousers' pocket."

"What's the reason you haven't?" demanded Squire Peter, savagely. "If you get a dollar you drink it up, and idle away your time till it is all gone. You have become a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow! You are a nuisance to yourself, to your neighbors, and to your family."

"Want's the use of talking, Squire Peter?" asked Job, with a sickly smile on his foolish face.

"I suppose it's no use; I have talked enough. I have coaxed you, and flattered you, and warned you, and now I have done something more, I have attached your place, and if you don't pay my debt, it shall be sold under the hammer."

"That's rather hard, Squire Peter," suggested Job, with a painfully anxious expression on his face.

"Hard, is it? Do you think I'm going to find you in groceries and rum for nothing?" replied the indignant creditor, as he bestowed a withering sneer upon the weak debtor. "You have owned me sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents for more than a year. I have dunned you and dunned you for it."

"I know you have, Squire Peter, and I'm much obliged to you for it," added Job.

"You have promised and promised to pay me."

"I know I have, Squire Peter, and I have always meant to pay it."

"Why didn't you pay it, then?"

"Because I hadn't had the money, Squire Peter—that is all."

"You might have paid some of it if you had had a mind to," growled the squire. "But instead of that," and the creditor waxed more indignant than ever as he spoke—"if you get a dollar, you pass by my door, and go over to Olgin's to spend it. You buy your rum and your groceries there now."

"That's because you won't trust me no more, Squire Peter," Job mildly explained.

"But I'm willing to sell you for cash, as Olgin does."

"He does trust me some."

"Not much; but he gets all your money."

"He don't get much, for I hain't had hardly any money for a year. Oysters is mighty skeece this year."

"But they bring a high price for that reason. The trouble is, that you don't go after oysters."

"Taint no use; I can't get none if I do."

"Why don't you go a fishing, then?"

"It don't pay."

"I suppose not," sneered Squire Peter. "You can do as you like now. If you don't pay my bill, I'll sell out your place just as soon as I can get judgment for my debt."

"It's mighty hard for me to see you owing me sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents, going by my store to leave what money you can raise at Olgin's."

"I won't do so no more," pleaded the meek oysterman. "I'll pay you every dollar I get, and let you trust me for all the rum I want to drink."

"I won't trust you for a penny," protested the squire. "This business has gone far enough. Now I'm going to get my money."

"But you won't turn me out of house and home—will you, Squire Peter?"

"Yes, I will. You had better go to Olgin, and get him to raise the money for you."

It was evident that Squire Peter Shifflety was wounded beyond the amount of his debt; and it was vexatious to see a man that owed him sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents patronizing the rival grocery of the place, and even paying cash when he wanted his jug filled.

"Do you suppose Olgin 'll do it?" asked Job, with a gleam of hope.

"Do it! No, you simpleton!" replied the creditor, savagely. "After you have run up a bill of fifty dollars there, he will sell out your place if I don't. It's no use, Job; I want my money, and I'm going to have it this time. I have put the attachment on."

"You don't seem to have no attachment to me," growled Job.

"I've got one now; and I'm not going to be a baby about it, either. I'm going to collect my bill. It's a bill I owe to myself and family to do so."

"I don't want you to sell the place, Squire Peter. It's all I've got in the world except the boat," pleaded Job, with the deepest humility.

"I can't help it. I've let the bill stand for a year, and you haven't paid me a dollar on it."

"But don't sell me out of house and home, Squire Peter; I will pay you every dollar I get."

"I have attached the place, and I'm not going to back out now."

"The place won't fetch nothing, Squire Peter," sighed Job, with a tear in his eye.

"It isn't worth much."

"I know it, Squire Peter; but it's all I have in the world."

"Well, stir yourself, then. If you go to work, you can raise the money before I can get judgment. Do something. Make an effort. If you raise the money and pay the costs, you can save the place yet."

"I don't believe I can if you mean to be hard with me."

"Get a mortgage on your house."

"My wife won't let me do that," replied Job. "I tried to do it once, and she smote me hip and thigh."

"Sell your boat, then. You don't use it much now. It will bring five hundred dollars."

"It's wuth five hundred of any man's money. I love that boat better than I do—"

he was going to say his wife, but he was afraid she might hear of the remark if he uttered it, and he checked himself—"than I do myself."

"It is a good boat, I dare say, and if you used it more, you could pay your debts."

"I use it all I can. Oysters is mighty skeece, and fish don't pay."

"You ought to make that boy do something for you," added Squire Peter, glancing at a young man of sixteen or seventeen, who sat at the broken window of the room, reading a book.

"He is willing to do all he can," answered Job.

"He is a lazy fellow," said the hard creditor, sternly. "Why don't you go to work, Charlie, and help your father and mother out of trouble?"

The young man's eyes flashed as he laid his book on the window sill, and sprang to his feet.

"Help him out of trouble!" exclaimed he. "It was you who helped him into trouble."

"What do you mean by that, you young rascal?" demanded Squire Peter, angrily.

"Haven't I begged and pleaded with you not to sell him any more rum?"

"That is none of your business."

"You have sold him rum till he is a sot, and now you are willing to take from him everything he has in the world."

"None of your impudence to me, Charlie."

"None of yours to me, either," replied the young man.

"Who are you, sir?" sneered Squire Peter.

"I'll let you know who I am if you don't let me alone!" replied Charlie, his eyes snapping as he gazed at the creditor of Job. "Do I owe you anything, Squire Peter?"

"You don't, but—"

"Then I don't want any of your chin music to me."

"Your father owes me, and if you were not an idle, lazy fellow, you would do something to help him pay his debts."

"I don't earn any more money to pay rum bills with. I hope you will lose every dollar he owes you for rum. If you were a decent man, you wouldn't sell rum to a man when you see it is ruining him."

"You impudent puppy!"

"You are another."



Easy, easy; kinder easy, Charlie," interposed Job Seagrain, appalled and terrified at the bold speech of the youth.

"I speak only the truth; Squire Peter knows it, and that's what pinches him," replied Charlie.

"Don't be sassy to him, boy."

"He had better not be sassy to me, either. Job, I can't come here to be insulted," added Squire Peter, holding his head up very stiffly.

"If you came here to insult me, you had better take yourself off," said Charlie. "If you call me a lazy fellow again, I'll put you out of the house."

"Kinder easy, Charlie," pleaded Job.

"I don't put any money into your pockets for rum bills, if I can help it."

Just at that moment the front door of the house was thrown wide open, and the form of Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain darkened its portal. It was no insignificant form, either, for its flesh, blood, and bone would have turned the scale at two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Job was five feet high. There was a great deal of Mrs. Seagrain; she was a giant among women; and much as there was of her, it was unwhipplable, of very bad quality.

"What's the matter now?" she demanded, with the air of one who felt she was mistress of the situation, however difficult it might prove to be.

Job Seagrain shrunk into a corner, and cowed like a terrified child. With fear and trembling he stole a glance at her, and then gazed stupidly on the floor. He did not undertake, in answer to the lady's question, to tell what the matter was now. He preserved a discreet silence, willing that anyone but himself should inform her in regard to the situation. Squire Peter Shifflety took the duty upon himself, and briefly stated that he had put an attachment upon the place, and in due time intended to have it sold to satisfy his claim.

"That's it, is it?" said Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain, planting herself before the creditor, with her lips compressed and her eyes glaring. Job stole another terrified glance at her.

"That's the whole story," added Squire Peter, who did not like the looks of the woman, and made a movement as to place himself between her and the open door.

"You whelp of misery!" she continued; and then indulged in a sensation pause.

"It isn't necessary to use any hard words, Mrs. Seagrain. It's a just debt, and I have tried for a long time to collect that bill."

"You imp of destruction!" added the lady.

"I don't care to be insulted. I've done my business here, and now I want to go."

"You grasshopper of vengeance!" continued the stalwart woman, dextrously intercepting Squire Peter on his march to the door.

"I have nothing more to say," he replied.

"You locust of wrath!"

"We are all cussed now," groaned Job.

"You bad-smelling fish!"

"Mrs. Seagrain, I will not submit to this insolence," said Squire Peter, as he made an effort to reach the door.

"Hold still, you sculpin of affliction!" persisted the giantess, heading off the squire.

"You devil-fish of desolation! Look at that little man!" and she pointed at the trembling husband, crouching in the corner, behind the dilapidated cook stove. "Look at him, you cat-fish of crime!"

Squire Peter looked at him as requested.

"Haven't I ordered you not to sell that creature any rum, you rotten oyster of shame?"

"I've heard enough, Mrs. Seagrain. Business calls me in another direction."

"Did I ask you a question?" she demanded, fiercely.

"I believe you did."

"Answer it, then! Haven't I ordered you not to sell rum to that creature, you green lobster of misery?"

"I think you did, but I sell what people want to buy."

"And now you want to rob that creature of all he has in the world to pay his rum bill, you foul fish of desolation!"

The lady had evidently exhausted her vocabulary of epithets, and found it necessary to go through with the list again.

"It wasn't all for rum," pleaded Squire Peter.

"Most of it was, you putrid mackerel of wrath! If you attempt to sell out this place, I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"Do you threaten me, Mrs. Seagrain?"

"No; I don't threaten you, but if you do it, I'll scratch your eyes out! I'll crack the bones in your miserable skin, that's all!"

and did not notice the remarks of the boy. He evidently "meant business;" for grasping one of her stout arms, he attempted to release her hold upon the unfortunate victim of her wrath. If he accomplished nothing more at first, he succeeded in distracting her attention.

"Let him 'one!" cried Charlie, in loud and firm tones; "I've seen enough of this sort of thing."

"What do you mean, you little puppy?" said Mrs. Seagrain, while she gazed with astonishment at the bold youth, who had never before attempted to interfere in the family quarrel, of which he had often been a witness.

"You shall not knock the old man about in that sort of shape any more," replied Charlie.

"Did you say that, little boy?" she asked coolly.

"I mean it."

"I see I must take you in hand," she added.

"I've stood this thing long enough. I won't be knocked about myself or have the old man knocked about, either," said Charlie, defiantly.

"You won't?"

"No; I won't!"

The young man darted between the woman and her victim, and wrenched her grasp from his collar. He did it so quickly, and with so much energy, that he had not only released Job, but escaped her clutches himself. Seizing a small boat-hook, made of a broom handle, which hung in the room, he planted himself between Job and his unloving spouse. The lady looked wrathfully at him. Opposition in her own house, either by word or deed, was a new thing to her, and she was taken "all aback" by it.

"Kinder easy, Charlie," whined Job.

"Do you mean to strike me with that boat-hook?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain.

"Not if I can help it; but if you put your finger on him or me, I shall hit as hard as I know how," replied Charlie, shaking his head to emphasize the remark. "I can't stand this thing any longer. I am sick as death of it, and I will fight Job's battle for him as long as I can stand up."

"Kinder easy, Charlie," muttered the miserable victim, terrified beyond measure at the boldness of the boy.

"Am I to submit to this little wretch's treatment of me?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain.

"Am I to be turned into the fields by his folly and sin?"

"I hope not, but it won't help the matter any to knock him about as you do," replied Charlie, with the dignity of a sage.

"I won't put up with it!" said she spitefully, when she discovered that she had been intimidated, and had exhibited some signs of yielding. "I'll grind him to powder."

"No, you won't," added Charlie, demonstrating with the boat-hook.

Mrs. Seagrain was not so brave a woman as her flippant tongue and her muscular effort seemed to indicate. She was the mistress of the house, rather because no one had opposed her than because she had the strongest will, and the stoutest arm. Job Seagrain was by no means an infant. On the sea, in the wild mutterings of the tempest, he was a bold, brave old fellow. His was a sinewy arm, and he could lift as big a basket of oysters as many a man of much greater weight. The woman did not like the looks of the young man. There was a fire in his eyes which warned her to be cautious. She did not offer to touch Job again. She seated herself by the stove, but she rocked and tipped herself about in the intensity of her excitement. She wanted to shake Charlie, and restore her authority, but the boat-hook was an ugly weapon, and she had a wholesome dread of it, for she knew that the young man was both stout and quick. If she could get hold of him, she could shake him all to pieces, as she did Job; but in the present instance, she must wait for a more convenient season to discipline the bold rebel.

"Things have come to a prett pass in this house!" exclaimed Mrs. Seagrain, as she rocked violently in her chair. "I suppose I ain't nobody here now. Am I to be put down in this manner?"

"Easy, Charlie," whined Job. "Don't set on her again."

"The drunken little whelp of desolation," muttered the wife.

"Things are going to be different now," said the young man. "We won't have any more knocking about in the house."

"You wait and see," snapped Mrs. Seagrain. "We shan't have any house much longer," growled Job.

"Yes, we shall, governor. Don't worry about that. You and I can raise money enough to pay off this bill," added Charlie, confidently.

"I t..nk it is about time you did something," snarled the discomfited woman. "You have been laying about all summer, both of you, doin' nothin'."

"Come, governor, we will go off tonight, and see what we can make."

"Where are you going?" asked Job, timidly.

"Going to make some money to pay this bill," replied Charlie. "We shall not be back till tomorrow night, if we are then."

"Are you going to stay away all night?" inquired Mrs. Seagrain.

"Yes, and perhaps tomorrow night."

"Where are you going?"

"To New York."

"Don't you go, Job Seagrain," interposed his wife. "If you do, you shall suffer for it."

"But we must go to the city to sell our oysters," explained Charlie.

"You haven't got any oysters to sell."

"I know where to get them."

"Where?" inquired Mrs. Seagrain.

"That's my secret, and I won't tell it to any living soul. Come, governor, we will pay off this bill in a few days."

"Don't you go, Job," protested the woman.

"Just now you grumbled at us for not doing anything; and now you won't let the governor do a job that will pay off his debts."

"I want to know what the job is first," replied Mrs. Seagrain.

"You won't know from me," answered Charlie, sullenly, as, with the boat-hook in his hand, he left the house.

Job immediately followed, for he dared not remain alone with his wife while she was in her present wrathful humor.

"Job! Job!" cried she, coming to the door. "Don't mind her, governor. Come along with me," added Charlie, as he took a pair of oars from the shed.

"I darsent go," pleaded Job.

"Be a man, and come along."

"Do you know where there's any oysters?" asked the poor man.

"I do; I know where there's a bed of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want, about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initial or nom de plume to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials. Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the good of all COMFORT subscribers, so in asking any questions you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had better inclose 15 cents to the Publisher for a renewal of COMFORT when you write—then you will not miss any of the Beauty Talks.

**T**HERE are hundreds of clever ways which help to make one pretty, which I'll tell you from time to time, but just this month I want to talk about the thin girls and show them how to get a pretty bust and arms.

My! how many there are of our thin members. It almost seems as if everybody is thin until you hear from the other side of the question. But you are all anxiously waiting, so I will proceed. My thin girls will find it much easier to grow plump and beautiful if they first firmly resolve not to worry, for worry, the greatest robber of woman's beauty, lies at the bottom of our thin little girl's woes. Forget to worry, laugh at the world, and you will find you are on the high road to beauty, not on some little straggling path, that might or might not, eventually lead to Beautyland, but the broad high road which leads you straightly with never a mis-step. The next thing for you to do is to sleep, and if you resemble me, you won't mind this health rule at all. See that your room is perfectly ventilated and make it a point to sleep at least nine hours every night, if at all possible. Sleep is one of the strongest foundation boards of health and acts as a magic aid to beauty and happiness, and a little attention to the pros and cons thereof, will prove well worth your while. Be sure and not cover your head with the bed-clothes at night, thus depriving yourself of the warm air, and be careful about your covers, they should be warm but not heavy. A blanket is most desirable. Try and be as lazy as possible. You never saw a thin woman who was lazy. No, indeed. The whole family of thinners spend their time hunting for something to fill the flying hours. Let the hours fly if they want to, my dears, they are used to it, they have been doing it ever since the days of Mother Eve, but weary mortals weren't meant to fly, so just settle down into a quiet little walk and you'll find it gives the pounds of flesh a chance to catch up and settle down where they belong. Take a little nap in the middle of the day, even if only for fifteen minutes. The napping habit can be cultivated. Sleep may not come at the first call or the second, but even resting with relaxed nerves and closed eyes, is something. This all sounds very lazy and indolent but that is what I want you to be for a few weeks. Give yourself time to grow beautiful. Let other things go for awhile. Give up your fancy work, novels, candy making, and even more serious pursuits. After I see you firmly established in Beautyland, you can work as much as you please.

When your morning duties are over, slip into a comfortable hat and jacket, wear sensible shoes—sensible spells pretty also, you know—and take a good long walk in the fresh morning air. It will do you worlds of good. You need exercise and plenty of it to make the blood circulate and bring out a natural elimination of all waste and poisonous matter in your system. You can't be beautiful nor healthy plump, without good, pure blood flowing through your veins. To gain the much desired flesh, put on the curves of beauty and purify your blood, eat sensible food, such as fresh vegetables, baked potatoes, bacon, baked apples, etc., etc., and avoid fried foods as they do the plague. Cakes, pies, rich gravies, pancakes, fried meats and rich puddings are all bad and either make you unhealthy and flabby fat or reverse the matter and cause you to become anemic and thin with sallow skin, dull eyes, and a discouraged outlook. In addition to eating sensible food, I wish all my girls would begin to drink—MILK! Yes, I suppose you are surprised, but milk is a sovereign beauty remedy and has the additional merit of being easy to take, easy to get and last but not least, it is extremely inexpensive. Now, please drink milk and lots of it this coming month, as in my opinion it is the "broad high road" to Beautyland. I have tested this diet and know that it will do, as I am a milk devotee and have practically lived on it for four years, and I know it brings health and beauty in a greater or lesser degree to anyone taking it. Try it and see what it does for you. I know you will all be delighted and "swear by milk" for the rest of your days. Milk makes good pure blood, rests the stomach which is having such a desperate struggle to hold its own, builds up your tissues and aching nerves, gives you firm healthy flesh, a dazzling complexion, bright, lustrous eyes, red lips, and there you are—a beautiful woman! Do you want to know how to take this diet? Well, take four quarts of milk every day, being careful to sup it very slowly, holding it in the mouth until thoroughly salivated. In this way the milk is digested before it reaches the stomach and prevents an attack of biliousness. So many people complain of this drawback in connection with a milk diet, but when milk forms into hard curds in the stomach, it is simply a sign that it has not been properly taken. Remember, milk is a food just as beef-steak is. You chew your beefsteak before swallowing it, do the same with your milk and you will have no trouble with so-called "biliousness." In addition to this milk diet you should take one small meal, composed chiefly of crisp vegetables and fresh fruits. At this season of the year fresh vegetables and fruits abound for every girl, whether in the noisy dusty cities and towns or the pleasant country places.

I hope you will all write in and say you want to take the milk diet, and remember—you can ask as many questions as you want about the way to grow beautiful, for that is what this Club is for.

Massage has a distinct place in the thin girls' hygiene. It is a passive form of exercise and is very beneficial. If you spend a great deal of your time indoors, sitting quietly, you must take some means of stimulating your body. Massage in many cases offers this method and is frequently depended upon entirely. You should take this body massage upon arising in the morning. The body should be stripped to the waist. If you find you are shivering when

thus exposed it is proof that you are very sensitive and sadly in need of self massage. In order to stop this shivering, throw a Turkish towel (the largest one you have) across your shoulders and begin to rub yourself vigorously with it. As soon as you begin to get warm and your skin is in a glow, you can discontinue the use of the towel and begin a massage with your hands. Before beginning this hand massage, however, you should dip them in a jar of olive oil, so that your skin may be fed as well as stimulated by this treatment. In massaging, use the palm and fingers of your right hand and rub down the front of your left arm to the wrist, then up the back of the same arm to the shoulders. Repeat this ten times. Alternate then with the left hand. During this massage, see that your hands are dipped frequently in your olive oil jar. Now attend to the throat. Rub with the right palm over the throat and left side of the neck up to the ear ten times, then change to the left hand. The neck has now been thoroughly fed and stimulated and we can go on to another portion of the body.

Put your hands behind you and rub down your back to the kidneys. This will refresh you and rest your back wonderfully. This movement should be repeated ten or twelve times. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten times.

Next you must rub your legs. Use the same exercise as is given above for the arms. Rub down the front and up the back. You are now quite tired in all probability and perfectly willing to rest, but you must postpone this until after your feet have been attended to. The soles of the feet are very delicate and should be rubbed gently with the palm of your hands for a moment or two.

The thin girl is now through with her first oil massage and can dress and go about the day's pursuits. You will find this oil massage will keep your skin smooth and soft, make your muscles supple and young, and what is more important to the thin girl—gradually add the desired pounds of flesh.

You will not need any oil massage if you take the milk diet. This massage is only for the doubting Thomases in the thin girl's ranks, who have no faith in milk as a beautifier and flesh producer.

So many have asked for directions for making the Beauty Bags that I am printing them here:

## Directions for Making Pretty Girls' Club Beauty Bags.

Take ordinary cheesecloth and cut it into strips two and a half inches wide by five inches long, fold over and sew up the sides making nice little bags about two and a half inches square. Fill these with Quaker Oats and sew up the top of the bag and you have one of the most wonderful little healthful cleansers for the skin ever devised; they have such a healing effect upon skin disorders you will notice an immediate improvement if used as per following directions: Every night on going to bed fill a basin full of warm water and allow the bag to soak for a few seconds, not long, just till you see a little milky substance begin to ooze forth. Then using the bag as a wash cloth, thoroughly rub the face—every little crevice and wrinkle (later we'll get rid of crevices and wrinkles). Keep moistening the bag just as you would a wash cloth. The result will surprise you. It has a wonderful cleansing effect and removes all roughness and all scaly bits of skin leaving the face smooth and soft and clear. (You don't realize how much the latter means, but half of us aren't clean, even when we think so). In the daytime, if for any reason your face feels rough and dry, use the "Beauty Bags" again. One of the most delightful presents I know of for a pretty girl is a box of Beauty Bags, all daintily overcast or buttonholed with wash silk in delicate colors.

**And Now for the Questions.**  
Oh, my! what a lot of letters I received from the readers of the August article. Of course, a lot of my girls asked the same questions and on account of lack of space I could only select the most important ones to answer in COMFORT. If you don't find your own special answer here just read the others, and I think you or nearly all, will find your questions answered somewhere among them—but the letters still pour in and I will do my best and reply to a lot more next month, when I will give you a talk on "The Care of the Hair."

## Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Virginia.—I certainly sympathize with you in your trouble and am glad to say that superfluous hair can be permanently and safely removed, although it is somewhat difficult to do as the little hairs are most persistent. The best and quickest way, of course, if it is possible, is to have them removed by the electric needle, but if this is impossible, the following treatment brings sure results.

Apply Peroxide of Hydrogen to the affected part one day, and an application of aqua ammonia the next. The peroxide bleaches the hair to invisibility, and the ammonia kills the little hair roots. This treatment usually takes three or four months, but if persisted in the hairs will gradually die and fall out. It is a long task but sure, and takes only a moment each night before retiring. Try it.

Brown Eyes, Sad Heart and others interested in the safe and permanent removal of superfluous hair, please read my answer to Virginia in this column.

L. B.—Use one of my Beauty Bags instead of soap and you will be rewarded by a soft, white skin. You should also take my hot water remedy for several months. Wrinkles are annoying things, but if you keep right after them, they will gradually disappear. To banish them massage your face with light upward movements, first rubbing in a good skin food. I give you one formula here:

Spermaceti, one half ounce, white wax, one half ounce, sweet almond oil, two ounces, lanoline, one ounce, coconut oil, one ounce, tincture of benzoin, three drops, orange flower water, one ounce.

Be very careful to massage across the line of the wrinkle, not along it. This is important.

**NOTE.** Besides being rather expensive we know it is difficult for many of our readers to obtain all these ingredients and we have had a superior skin food made up for the special use of members of the Pretty Girls' Club. The Publisher of COMFORT will send a jar of this Pretty Girls' Club Skin Food, Wrinkle and Massage Cream free for a club of only two 15 cent subscribers to COMFORT as per offer at end of this Department.—EDITOR.

Magnolia Maid.—If your arms are only a little freckled, I would advise you to use the following preparation, which is a simple but strong remedy. The juice of three lemons, strained; four ounces of alcohol and two ounces of rosewater. Apply, and let dry into the skin, after which rub in a good skin food, formula for which is given in my reply to "L. B." in this column. White spots on the nails are nearly always due to injury, and you must be careful not to bruise them in any way.

Perplexed.—If you desire long curling eyelashes, moisten the edges of your eyelids with red vaseline every night before retiring. Be careful not to get any in the eye itself. My article on the "Complexion" in the September number of COMFORT will tell you what to do for pimples and blackheads, and when to do it.

X. Y. Z.—Thank you for your photograph. Judging from it I hardly think you need very much improvement.

Read my article on "Complexion" in September COMFORT for the proper treatment of blackheads and pimples. Dissolve a quarter of a teaspoonful of powdered borax in two quarts of tepid water each night and wash your face thoroughly. This keeps the skin perfectly clean and helps banish the annoying blackheads. Use the Beauty Bags instead of soap for the face. Take a hot bath once a week, using soap on the body but not on the face, then every other day take a tepid sponge bath. Regarding eyelashes, moisten the edges of eyelids with red vaseline. You seem to have arranged your hair very prettily, and I would only suggest that you let it fall a little more loosely around the temples. Why not rub the raw cucumber on the face? However, the preparation you mention is perfectly harmless.

Brown Eyes, Harold, Neb., and all others desirous of information about blackheads and facial disorders, are referred to my article on Complexion in last month's COMFORT. Massage your arms and hands every night with cocoa-butter or olive oil. As you grow older your arms and hands will plump naturally. You are not old enough yet, little girl, to be perfectly developed. The front hair up in a fluffy pompadour, braid your back hair, tie in a club on the nape of your neck, and pin on an enormous bow made of black taffeta ribbon about four inches wide. This is the latest fashion for a girl of your age. The juice of one lemon mixed with one half ounce of water is a good skin restorer. Wear a sunbonnet or large hat when out in the sun.

Honor Bright and others.—If you will drink four or five quarts of milk every day, you will soon gain the desired pounds. You will also find it a wonderful bust developer. A woman can gain three or four inches through the bust on this treatment, and it will only take six or eight weeks. She will also average a gain of three or four pounds a week. Drink the milk slowly, so that it may become salivated before swallowing. Take only one meal a day. Massage the bust with cocoa-butter for ten minutes each day, using light circular movement. When through with this massage dash cold water on bust and neck, as this stimulates the circulation and makes the bust firm and white.

Black Eyes.—Massage your neck with olive oil each day and you will be pleased by the results. Use the following tonic for your hair, although if your hair is thick and curly you have little to complain of. Formula: Forty grains of Resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of alcohol and witch-hazel. Apply to scalp every night.

Peggy.—I think your skin must be too dry and would advise your rubbing in a good skin food and massaging your neck gently. After the massage dash cold water on your neck. Persist in this treatment and your neck will soon be soft, full and minus any blemish. Stop anarling your hair or very soon you won't have any to snarl, and that would be unfortunate. Wash your hair every week, putting a little borax in the rinsing water and you will find this will keep it sufficiently fluffy. Powder or corn-starch when allowed to lie on the scalp absorbs the natural oil of the hair, which gradually causes the hair to become dry and lifeless and finally to fall out. Instead of curling it with hot irons try putting it up in kids every night. See my reply to "Honor Bright" regarding bust development.

Sunflower-seed.—For liver spots take the juice of one lemon in a glass of water every day half an hour before breakfast. You should also eat plenty of stewed rhubarb. Get fresh cucumbers and massage your face with fresh cucumber juice every other day and you will soon note improvement. Too light clothes or indigestion would cause this redness of the nose. Cut out rich foods and eat only plain, nourishing food. Rub your face with a gentle rubbing from the nostrils up the side of the nose and along the upper edge of the eye socket. By doing this you follow the nerves which control the blood vessels and thus scatter the congested blood.

M. M. M.—You should not use soap upon your face, as your skin is evidently too sensitive. Use my Beauty Bags for your face and the roughness and irritation will pass away. If you dash cold water on your face several times each day, your skin will soon be firm and your enlarged pores will gradually contract. Massage with a good skin food will also be of great benefit.

Lily Currey.—Following is a formula which will assist you in your difficulties: Tincture of cantharides, one ounce; mild ammonia, one dram; glycerine, one half ounce; oil of thyme, one half ounce; rosemary oil, one half dram. Mix all together with six ounces of rosewater, rub into the scalp thoroughly until the dandruff has disappeared. A little vaseline rubbed briskly into the scalp each night will soon stop the falling of the hair and bring in a new growth. Be careful not to get it on the strands of hair.

B. L. S.—Read my article on "Complexion" in the September number of COMFORT, and follow instructions, and a clear rosy skin will soon be yours. A good tonic to increase growth of hair is given to "Black Eyes" in this column.

C.—Massage your scalp every night with vaseline until it is pink and glowing. Hair naturally comes out in the fall, but should not continue all winter. Read my reply to "Black Eyes" for Resorcin tonic. For your height you should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Try dieting for superfluous flesh. Cut out candy, rich puddings, pies, cakes, gravies, butter, sugar, in fact all the good things that your heart desires. Make it a habit to take lemon juice in a little water every morning before breakfast. Take long brisk walks every day—five pounds a day. Try dieting for superfluous flesh. No, indeed; two or three hours of the day should be spent in walking. Don't sleep too much and keep busy every minute. Write again.

Lily Meyer.—Your skin will soon be rosy and white if you persevere with the hot water and Beauty Bags. For the oiliness, dissolve a little powdered borax in the water when bathing your face. This will help you greatly. Shampoo your hair every ten or fourteen days, putting a teaspoonful of powdered borax in your last rinsing water. Dry your hair in the sun.

Catherine.—For those desirous of "brown spots" read my reply to "Sunflower-seed" in this column. You don't ever need to look old if you take care of yourself. Try drinking milk for the improvement of your general health; four or five quarts per day will clarify your skin, increase the quantity and quality of your blood, strengthen your stomach, fill out angles, and in fact work a transformation. Try Resorcin tonic for your hair, the formula given "Black Eyes" in this column. My Beauty Bags will make your skin soft and smooth and they are also very healing in case of facial eruptions.

S. J. L.—For fluffy hair read my reply to "Peggy." You will get rosy cheeks if you take my hot water remedy, also a fine white skin. It's worth trying, isn't it?

M. U.—Use the Beauty Bags until your skin is soft and smooth. Write and tell me if your face is thin or plump, and then I'll tell you how to arrange your hair. A pompadour is becoming to nearly everyone, and personally I like this way of dressing the hair. You must have something to heat water by, or else you would not be able to do any cooking. Moles are dangerous things to experiment with, and I should advise leaving it alone. You could probably have it removed by the electric needle, but even then it is dangerous.

A Blue-eyed Lassie.—A good powder does not harm the skin, if your face is thoroughly washed each night before

going to bed. Read my reply to "A. B. C." as to the proper way to reduce flesh. You can keep your hair nice and fluffy by frequent shampoos, dissolving a little powdered borax in the last rinsing water, and by putting your hair up in kids every night.

L. P.—You should cut your hair short, and not snarl it. Each split or broken hair should be cut off just above the broken point. This is a rather tedious proceeding, but it is the only thing to do. For dryness of the hair, massage once a day with olive oil, and just before shampooing treat it to a coal-oil bath. This will cause your hair to grow.

L. L.—See reply to "L. P." Do not curl or snarl your hair, and shampoo frequently. Brushing is good for the hair and will keep it smooth and glossy.

A Speckled Egg.—Use a little borax in your rinsing water when shampooing. Do this and shampoo frequently. This will make your hair fluffy and easy to arrange. A full soft pompadour would be becoming. Let your hair grow long, and use a hairbrush to smooth your hair with quinine to cure yourself of biting them.

Blue-eyed Mamma.—Touch edges of eyelids with red vaseline. Never clip the eyelashes. See reply to "Speckled Egg." For oily skin dissolve a little borax in the water when bathing your face, then wash on cold water. My Beauty Bags are very beneficial.

Q. R. S.—Touch eyelids with red vaseline or olive oil; this will make the lashes grow. Scatter a few drops of Brilliantine on your hairbrush, then smooth your hair with it, after which put up in kid curls and I think you will find the waves will stay in. If you are careful not to use too hot irons, your hair will not be injured much by curling irons.

G. B. B.—Try massaging your scalp with vaseline every night until the scalp is pink and glowing. Keep your scalp loose upon your head. For good tonic to increase growth of hair use Resorcin tonic given "Black Eyes." Write me again.

C. A. J.—See reply to "A Speckled Egg" as regards fluffy hair. Brown moles can be removed by the electric needle, but this needs an expert operator. Moles are dangerous things with which to meddle. If ignorantly interfered with, it may be the starting point for some cancerous growth. Very little can be done for a scar, but a gentle massage with cold cream and then a little powder sufficed on will greatly improve their appearance. Old Father Time will also keep his gentle obliterating finger upon these little marks until they gradually fade away.

Rose Bud.—See reply to "Peggy." This will keep it fluffy and you should also do your hair over rolls or puffs, being careful to arrange it loosely. These pompadour pads and side and back-hair pads can be obtained at a dry goods store.

Yours in Need.—I wish I did have some magic curling fluid as I would be the first one to use it, but unfortunately there isn't any. The Beauty Bags can be used twice.

Bones.—Regarding your hair, see reply to "Peggy." Try the milk diet for increase of flesh. For further particulars read my reply to "Honor Bright." Thank you for your sweet letter.

Blue Bell, Haverhill, Iowa.—I agree with you. Always try to keep yourself looking sweet and pretty, married or unmarried. It's a duty you owe to yourself, your family, your husband, and the world at large. Following is a lotion which will whiten the face and hands, but its best mission is that of making enlarged open pores less noticeable. Place in one half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half pint bottle with elderflower water, and two tablets of salicylic acid. Shake well and use gradually one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elderflower water. For your hair use Resorcin tonic given "Black Eyes" in this column. You could use a dye to make your hair darker, but I could not advise this. Frequent shampoos in rain-water and drying in the sun, followed by gentle brushing of the hair each day, will keep it soft and glossy.

Cousin May.—See reply to "Peggy" in this column regarding fluffy hair. Why not wave your hair on the curlers every night, then draw it loosely over a pompadour pad. You could also use side and back pads under your hair. This is very fashionable at the present moment.

Ugly Girl.—Touch your eyebrows with castor-oil every night being careful to follow the eyebrow line, and apply red vaseline to the edges of your eyelids every night also, being careful not to get any in your eyes. To increase growth of hair use Resorcin tonic every other night, formula given to "Black Eyes" in this column. On alternate nights massage your scalp with vaseline until the scalp is pink. A little borax in your rinsing water when shampooing will keep your hair fluffy. For your neck, massage every night with olive oil or cocoa-butter. A long neck is considered to be very pretty. It only needs to be plumped a little and the olive oil will do this. Bending from the waist line will reduce the waist rapidly; the more you can bend the more your waist will go down. Sideshow exercises are also fine for this purpose. For these exercises, stand erect, then bend forward to the floor and pick up a handkerchief you have placed there. Do not bend your knees—bend from the waist line.

W. L.—You can use Beauty Bags twice. You could dye your hair, but this I could not advise. No matter how good the dye the fact is always evident that the color is artificial; besides, all dyes injure the hair.

Golden Locks.—You are just the right weight for your height. For reducing waist read my reply to "Cousin May." Try Resorcin tonic for your hair, formula was given "Black Eyes" in this issue. Apply every other night and on alternate nights massage your scalp with vaseline. To brighten the eyes, dip a good green tea, then at night soak bits of absorbent cotton in the liquid and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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# Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

## CHAPTER XXX.

HE HAD PLAYED HIS GAME.

A LITTLE later Mrs. Robertson came in and matters were explained to her. She was a sweet woman, and Jerry's heart went out to her the instant he saw her. She was equally pleased and hugged the boy over and over again, while the tears of joy flowed silently down her cheeks.

"You must tell me all about yourself," said she, and Jerry told his story, to which both his father and his mother listened with keen attention.

"I am glad that you have been brought up with such a fine family as the Parkhursts," said his father, and Mrs. Robertson said the same.

"I suppose I'll have to go back to them and explain matters," said Jerry. "I'll be rather sorry to leave them, too."

"Would you rather stay with them than come with us?" questioned his mother quickly.

"No, indeed," he said. "But what I was thinking of was, that they'll be sorry to have me leave them, Miss Mabel especially."

A long talk followed, and in the end Mr. Maxwell and Henry Davenport were invited to dine with the Robertsons, including Jerry.

"What shall you do about Mrs. Starfield?" asked Mr. Maxwell, while they were gathered around the table. "She is almost at the end of her course and wants to go to England, to some of her relatives."

"Let her go," answered Mr. Robertson, and it was settled.

But all were anxious to hear the details of the old servant's tale, and in the end Mrs. Starfield was made to visit the Robertson house.

"The lawyer was to blame," she said, over and over again. "He said it would be an easy way to make big money, and poor Amos believed everything he said."

"What was the lawyer's name?" asked Jerry.

"His name was Jason Gilroy," answered his father.

"What became of him?"

"That is a question. I think he fled to England."

"He did, but he came back about eight years ago," answered Mrs. Starfield. "He changed his name and cut off his beard, so that folks wouldn't know him."

"Do you know what name he now uses?"

"Yes, sir—Richard Clarke."

"Richard Clarke?" ejaculated Jerry and Henry Davenport in a breath.

"Do you know the man?" demanded Mr. Robertson.

"Do we know him?" repeated Jerry. "I just guess we do. He's the rascal who wanted to marry Miss Mabel Parkhurst and wanted to get hold of the hidden treasure."

"Is it possible?"

"I reckon we have a rod in pickle for Mr. Richard Clarke," came grimly from Henry Davenport. "After we get through with him he won't want to show his head again, either around our settlement or around New York."

"He ought to be arrested," came from Jerry.

"He shall be," answered his father quickly.

That very night it was arranged that Mr. Robertson should accompany Jerry and Henry Davenport back to the Parkhurst home. Jerry thanked Mr. Maxwell warmly for what the merchant had done, and Mr. Robertson was equally grateful.

And now, leaving the others on their journey to the settlement near Hill's Tavern, we will go back to the Parkhurst family and see how matters were faring there.

Mr. Parkhurst, unaware of the favorable change that had taken place in his circumstances, was still nervous and irritable. Mabel, sustained by hope, bore all with unruffled serenity. As for Dick Clarke, he felt that matters were approaching a crisis. The gold that Indian John had stolen from him constituted the bulk of what he had on hand, so that by the end of a fortnight he would have barely enough left to carry him back to the city. But he did not suffer this to trouble him much, feeling assured that Mabel would finally yield. Knowing very well that this would not be from any preference for him personally, he thought it wisest to keep out of her way, and employed his time in hunting and fishing.

At length the fortnight expired.

With a heart elate with hope Clarke rode over to the residence of his prospective father-in-law. When he was admitted into the sitting-room, Mabel and her father were present. Dick Clarke advanced into the room with an air of easy indifference and affability, and bade Mabel and her father good morning.

"I'm a man of business, Mr. Parkhurst," he said, rubbing his hands. "And once again let me hope that you and your charming daughter have considered favorably the proposal I have made, and are prepared to accept it."

"In that case," said Mabel, "you are prepared of course to give up to my father the letter of which you came into possession?"

The lawyer looked slightly embarrassed.

"I haven't it with me just at this moment," he said.

"Doubtless you have it at the tavern, then. You must pardon us for being over-careful, but the circumstances seem to justify it."

The lawyer paused a moment in embarrassment.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I didn't bring the letter with me on this journey. I thought there would be considerable risk of losing it, and accordingly left it in New York, at my office."

"How are we to know that you have such a letter, then?" asked Mr. Parkhurst.

"On my word of honor as a gentleman," commenced the lawyer.

"I am sorry you esteem your word so lightly," said Mabel coolly.

As she spoke she took from the table the letter that Clarke at once recognized as the one which he had lost.

"Confusion!" he muttered, while his heart sank within him.

"You undoubtedly recognize the letter," said Mabel.

"Where did you get it?" demanded Dick Clarke briefly.

"Well, if you must know, our boy Jerry found it in the woods nearly three weeks ago."

"Humph! Of course he brought it to you at once."

"He did."

"And have you—ahem—have you done anything in the matter?"

"I do not consider that that is any of your business, Mr. Clarke, but since you want to know so much, I will answer that we have."

"You—er—"

"Mr. Davenport and Jerry went to New York together over a fortnight since."

The lawyer fell back in amazement.

"And they—you have heard from them?" he faltered.

For reply the door to the next room opened and Henry Davenport and Jerry entered, for they had reached the place the night before.

"Yes, we are back, Mr. Clarke," said Henry Davenport. "And I am happy to say that the Parkhurst treasure is safe, and you will never be able to put your hand on a dollar of it."

"It would be hard to realize Richard Clarke's success at that instant. He felt that he had played his game and lost utterly."

"I suppose there is no use of my staying here longer," he said, as steadily as he could, starting for the door.

"You can't go just yet!" cried Jerry and caught him by the arm.

"What do you want, boy? Let me go."

"I shan't do it. I've got a score to settle with you, and don't you forget it."

"A score to settle. What do you mean?"

"I mean to tell you that you are found out, Mr. Richard Clarke, or whatever your real name is. Father, will you come in?"

Again the door to the other room opened, and Mr. Maurice Robertson walked in and faced the lawyer.

At the unexpected appearance of the merchant the lawyer's face grew deathly white, and he staggered as if about to fall.

"So you remember me, do you, Jason Gilroy?" demanded Jerry's father sternly.

"I—I—my name is not Gilroy," gasped the other, but he could scarcely frame the words.

"It is, and it is useless for you to deny it. You are Jason Gilroy, the man who plotted with the Starfields to rob me of my son, my baby boy Jerry, who stands beside me."

"Jerry—this boy is your son?"

"He is."

It was the last blow, and for a moment the lawyer was bereft of speech. Then he realized what this revelation meant to him—perhaps imprisonment for many years—and turned to leave the house. But again Jerry was too quick for him and sent him sprawling on the doorstep. Henry Davenport rushed in, and soon the lawyer was a prisoner.

"And serves him good and right!" came from Mabel, who had been listening to all that was said. "Just to think what a smooth talker he was!" And then she added to herself: "And to think I might have married him if he had popped the question! After this I won't marry nobody!" And she never did get married.

A few words more, and we will draw our tale to a conclusion.

Much against his will, the rascally lawyer was made a close prisoner and taken to New York. Here Mrs. Starfield and Mr. Robertson testified against him, and he was sentenced to ten years in prison at hard labor.

When Joseph Parkhurst read the letter left by his father, and especially that portion which spoke of keeping the family honor intact, he was heartily ashamed of the manner in which he had treated Mabel, and he told his daughter to a conclusion.

"Never mind, father," said the girl, "Remember our troubles are all over now."

A little later Mabel was married to Henry Davenport, and for her wedding portion the girl received one half of the treasure that had been found. The happy husband insisted on paying Jerry the five hundred dollars that had been promised, and to this Mr. Parkhurst added another five hundred out of his own purse. The wedding was a grand affair and all of our friends including Mabel, were present.

Shortly after this wedding Mr. Parkhurst went back to New York to live. He repurchased his old home, and at his death left the property to Mabel and her husband, who used to spend part of their time in the country and the balance in the city. Mabel and Henry Davenport were very happy, and Mabel lived with them until the day of her death.

It may interest some to learn what became of Indian John. The money taken from the lawyer caused the red man to leave that locality entirely, and he moved up to Lake Erie. During the following winter he went out in the woods during a howling snowstorm and some weeks later was found at the foot of a big tree, frozen to death.

Jerry returned to New York with his newly-found father, and after the general excitement was over the boy was sent to school, that he might receive a thorough education. When his school days were over Henry Maxwell took him in, and a few years later Jerry, through his father, was enabled to buy a half interest in the concern. He worked hard and was highly successful; and here we will leave him.

## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"The latest Paris 'Revue,' and your favorite chocolate."

"Thank you heartily, for both. I wonder if I ever shall cease to be a spoiled child—in your eyes?"

"Whatever you may be in my eyes, you certainly will always remain."

"How discouraging, that you should feel quite hopeless of any improvement in me. Driver, I wish to stop in West Fourteenth Street, at—Gloves, Mr. Noel, always gloves."

"Will you bet a pair of best driving gauntlets that I cannot tell you exactly why you go there today?"

"Certainly; silk-lined, fur-tipped gauntlets. I told you my errand was gloves; pray what other reason?"

"You are going to get a glimpse of 'Juno.'"

"Juno? Nearly everything comes to New York, sooner or later, but really I never imagined she could step out from the books of mythology. I hunt no goddess. When you pay your wages, be sure to select delicate fawn color, that will match my spring jacket."

"The debt is yours. Confess, Eglah—honor bright—you are curious about the woman who sells gloves in Fourteenth Street."

"I will present to you a witch's skirt, cap, and broomstick. But why 'Juno'?"

"The matter was thrashed out at the club last week, where Vandiver told us some artist had compared her to a print of the Ludovisi Juno hanging in Goupil's window. Hence her elevation to Olympus."

"Then you know all about her?"

"On the contrary, I never saw her; but she seems to be the magnet drawing people to—just now."

The carriage stopped and Eglah walked into the department store.

"Come in, Mr. Noel, and pick out your gauntlets."

"Not today. Juno indulged in tricks that made even Jupiter keep one eye on her wiles, and I shall merely admire at a safe distance."

In front of the glove counter half a dozen women clustered, and on the outside of the group three men lounged—one evidently a foreigner, with bushy beard, coarse, hairy hands, and furtive eyes, small even behind very large spectacles. Among several busy saleswomen it was easy to discover the center of attraction—a finely developed form, tall and graceful in every movement, and a face of surpassing beauty, lighted by dark violet eyes, flushed with the glow of perfect health, and crowned by a braided mass of glittering yellow hair heaped high on a shapely head, that held it as an empress wears her tiara. In its vivid coloring the face suggested a tropical flower, but, looking closer, one thought of a frozen tulip under a sheet of ice, so hard was the cold gleam of the defiant eyes and the proud compression of red lips that had forgotten how to smile, that seemed never to have known curves of tenderness. While Eglah



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waited, the foreigner leaned across the counter.

"Some black silk gloves. Number eight and a half."

"In the next room. Men's department."

"You got the papers for the league?"

"Yes, that is all arranged. Meeting will be at ten o'clock tonight. You can't talk here."

He touched the rim of his hat and walked away, and she looked toward Eglah.

"Gray kid gloves, stitched with white silk."

"What size?"

"Five and a quarter."

The voice had a sharp metallic ring, with an impatient inflection, and as she turned, lifting her arms to a box on an upper shelf, all the lovely outlines of her figure were shown most advantageously, and Eglah glanced over her shoulder at Mr. Herriott. He was watching the woman behind the counter with an intensely curious expression, as though disagreeably perplexed. She found the desired number.

"Shall I stretch them?"

"No, it is not necessary."

"Do you wish them fitted on your hands?"

"I will not give you that trouble. What is the price?"

"It is part of my business to fit them. Two dollars and a quarter. Here, cash!"

Eglah's desire to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's was quickly extinguished by the pronouncedly repellent bearing that plainly proclaimed all intercourse must be restricted to the business of the counter, and as she returned to the carriage, Mr. Herriott said:

"Well, you college girls are nothing if not severely classical, so I presume you will offer a ewe lamb, all garlanded with willow and dittany, and prinked out in pomegranate blossoms, on the Junonian altar."

"I am glad Jove tied her hands and hung her up above the earth and below the heavens, with anvils on her ankle—where she could do no more mischief. That goddess of yours has the most cruelly cold, hard face I ever looked at, and yet—in a way—so beautiful. Evidently she has not even the shadow of a soul—must have given it all to that angelic boy? What is her history? Of course she has one."

"It has been said happy women have none, and in this case adversity must have curdled very early the stream of her youthful joys. Vandiver investigated her—from a distance he says, as she froze him when he attempted acquaintance. He has a protege in the constabulary who learned through police channels all that she will allow to be known of her life. Some years ago she drifted here from the far West—part of the human flotsam annually stranded in this city, and she found work in a cloak manufactory. Later she incited a strike among the cloak cutters, which resulted disastrously for the workers, and when all the strikers submitted, she alone was refused re-employment, and doors were closed against her. She secured a position in a large bric-a-brac establishment, but when a valuable antique vase disappeared, she was suspected and arrested. While in prison a day and night awaiting trial, the vase was found in a pawnbroker's shop, and the colored porter of the bric-a-brac dealer acknowledged the theft. The firm very honorably made ample public retraction of the unjust charge, and endeavored to compensate and appease the injured woman, but she shook the dust of the house from her feet and betook herself to Brooklyn. Recently she accepted her present place."

"Do you mean to imply that she is—is—Bohemian?"

"That depends upon your interpretation of a very flexible term. I am told she conducts herself with strict propriety, reports Mr. Dane dead, and receives attentions from no one; but she is avowedly a socialist of the extreme type; belongs to labor organizations, attends their meetings, makes impassioned addresses, and, in fine, is a female Ishmael whose hands are much too pretty for such savage work. Did you notice an odd-looking, shambling man with preposterous spectacles who spoke to her? He is an agent of a band of Russian Nihilists seeking aid from sympathizers here. She is reported as possessing some education, advocates 'single-tax' and all the communistic vagaries that appeal to the great mass of toiling poor, the discontented and morose, as colored balloons captivate the fancy of children at a circus door. She frequents a hall down on the East Side, where at night the clans of the disgruntled assemble, and long-haired men and short-haired women—who absolutely believe that the only real devil is private property—denounce wealth and preach their gospel of covetousness. Here we are at the ferry, and just in time to meet the boat."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read the next chapter, "The Discovered Menace to Judge Kent's Peace of Mind," and of the unshared love of his life, which Noel Herriott offers Eglah Kent.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

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Miss T. H., Trezevant, Tenn.—No, it is essential that the water should be hot. Eight glasses of hot water over

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

day is what I prescribe. Have it quite hot and drink slowly it should not cramp you. See reply to "Arrah Wanna" on eyelashes.

L. M. S., Mo.—Hot water is very good for cases of stomach trouble. See replies to "Arrah Wanna" and "L. M. S., Mo." in the "Beauty" column. A formula was given "Black Eyes" in another column. A heaping teaspoonful of powdered borax dissolved in your rinsing water when washing your hair will lighten it slightly. Drying in the sun will also keep it bright and light.

S. A.—See reply to "Little Sweetheart" regarding yellow neck. I could not advise alcohol.

D. R. H.—Try massage with good skin food; also use the bleach given "Little Sweetheart" for your face. If you persist with the hot water you will find this uncomfortable feeling will pass away. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables and take long walks. Use my Beauty Bags regularly.

U. F.—Use lotion given "M. E. S." The Beauty Bags are very whitening also both for arms and face. Dash cold water on your face frequently and when bathing your face, dissolve a little powdered borax in the water. Of course you can use a better hands. Massage hands with olive oil and cocoa-butter every night and you will soon note improvement.

Mrs. J. W. P.—Use Beauty Bags and try massaging your face with good skin food. See reply to "E. H. P." Use a liquid powder which does not easily blow off. Formula as follows: Zinc oxide, one half ounce; glycerine, two ounces; rosewater, two ounces. Shake bottle and apply with sponge. I do not recommend liquid powders.

Mrs. Minnie W.—See reply to "O. A. J." Rub skin food into your nails each night—this will keep them from cracking. Rubbing carbolized vasoline on the skin surrounding the nails will toughen the skin. Take a rosewood finger-stick and push the scarf skin away from the half moons on your finger nails. Brush your eyebrows every day. This will flatten the obstreperous hairs.

The Lone Daisy.—I think the soap you mention is less harmful than many others, but should advise you using Beauty Bags for your face instead. For sunburn remover see reply to "Brown Eyes," Harold, Neb. Take hot water recipe. That will give you rosy cheeks.

P. S.—Massage your face with skin food, then dash cold water on your face, and powder before going out in cold weather.

Topay.—Use Beauty Bags instead of soap. Your blood is certainly all wrong and I should advise your taking the milk diet. See directions given "Gusta." Hot water is also good for purifying the system. Massage your face gently every night with skin food, this will lessen the irritation. A little powdered borax in your water when bathing the face will keep your pores clean, which is important.

Jolly Telle.—See reply to "Susie" and use bleach given "Little Sweetheart." Spread this preparation on the face and let it remain all night.

Florence M.—If you persist in taking hot water, the uncomfortable feeling will soon pass away. Hot water is more cleansing than cold. Do not use sweetening.

T. H., Georgetown, Texas.—You should go to some good doctor and find out what causes your headaches. Headaches usually are caused by nerves, astigmatism of the eye, stomach and liver trouble, etc. Your general health also probably needs tuning up. See reply to "Gusta." Use Beauty Bags (formula given to "Black Eyes" in another column). Every night to increase hair growth, massage the scalp with common vasoline until the scalp is pink and glowing. Results, I know, will be satisfactory.

Bessie S.—Vigorous massage with salt water would reduce the bust slightly.

D. O. N. T.—See reply to "Ugly Girl"; this exercise will reduce hips, waist and abdomen.

Cora D.—See letter to "A. B. O." If you are busy all the time, you don't need to take the walk advised. Hot baths reduce flesh rapidly.

Gray-haired Widow.—You should cut down on rich foods. Eat very sparingly. Hot water is very good for cases of stomach trouble. Try exercise given "Ugly Girl." This should be practiced fifteen minutes each day. Massage your face with skin food. This will fill out the hollows.

Wilhelmina.—A good lotion for moth patches consists of one half dram of salicylic acid to two ounces of bay rum. Mop on spots night and morning. You could also use colorless iodine. Be very careful about making these applications. Picture was not inclosed.

Violet.—The puffiness was caused by heat succeeding cold, I do not think this has anything to do with your brown spots appearing. See reply to "Sunflower-seed" and "Catherine."

Brown Eyes, Wagon, Iowa.—It could be removed by electricity. I cannot advise you unless you explain more fully. Is it a liver spot, or a patch, or a mole?

M. D. W.—See letter to "Wilhelmina." No, my Beauty Bags will not remove patches. Hot water will get the stomach in good condition, cleanse the skin, and purify the blood.

Iowa Beauty.—See letter to "O. A. J." Soak your feet in hot water before going to bed, this induces sleep. Never go to bed hungry. A glass of milk and a cracker gives the stomach something to do, the object being to draw the blood away from the brain.

Gray-eyed Rattle.—You need the milk diet and I hope you will begin right away. See letter to "Gusta." If you can't do this keep up the hot water, read my article on complexion, use my Beauty Bags and apply bleach (formula given "Little Sweetheart" in this column) to the face. Massage your face with skin food. Write and tell me if the spots are moles, patches, or liver spots? Stop using the remedy you mention. Have you freckles?

H. D.—You may have some female trouble. Consult a doctor about morning nervousness and pain in the head. I think my hot water recipe would help you, as your stomach is certainly out of order. Write more fully.

Kansas Girl.—White spots are probably caused by indigestion. Take my hot water recipe and be careful about your food.

A. G., Seymour, Iowa.—See reply to "Ugly Girl." You will be longer waited, when your waist becomes slimmer. You should also slope the front of your skirt down about three fourths of an inch—this gives a long-waisted appearance. Read directions for increasing weight given "Gusta." I recommended a good bleach to "Little Sweetheart." Apply to face and let stay on all night. Whiten hands by applying lemon juice. Recipe for cold cream was given to "M. H." in another column. Massage your face with this cream or some other good cream every day. Good moth patch lotion was given "Wilhelmina."

Success to you.

Address all letters containing questions to  
KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Publishers of COMFORT knowing it will be difficult for its readers to handily obtain all of the ingredients given "M. H." in these columns for making this cold cream, a superior cold cream has been prepared for them by expert chemists that will give the best satisfaction to the members of the Pretty Girls' Club, to use as a face cream. This is excellent for all purposes that any Cold or Face Cream can be used for, and the Publishers of COMFORT will send any reader of this column a nice jar of this Cream free for getting a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

### ALSO A SKIN FOOD.

Many also desire a proper Skin Food and Massage Cream to remove wrinkles, develop the bust and neck, etc. We have also had this prepared and will send one jar free for a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, or for a club of five yearly subscribers at 15 cents each we will send one jar of each, Cold or Face Cream and a jar of Skin Food for Massage, together with a special book on Massage, Bust Development, etc.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken this paper for some years, and find great comfort in reading it. For the last five years, I have been trying to find a certain book, but I do not know the author's name nor the exact title, but it is something like "Aspenwill," or "Aspenwood." It is the autobiography of a young man and the first chapter is descriptive of a southern home.

Black "Mammy" stands on tiptoe looking down the road, with her hand above her eyes, to see if she can see her master. She says, "No, I don't see nuffin of him," and turning enters the house. I read the book when a young girl and thought perhaps some of the elderly sisters might know of a copy. I should be delighted

to secure one. Address all letters to  
Mrs. M. A. YOUNG, 468 N. Kenilworth Ave.,  
Oak Park, Cook Co., Illinois.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I notice many of the readers admit that COMFORT is one of the most interesting and helpful papers published, and I heartily agree with them. Having been a silent reader for some time and not seeing a word from our little city, I thought I would join in the merry throng and D. M. Ryder in helping others. If this world be numbered with the rest, I agree with Mrs. had more sunbeams and less crabapples all would be happier.

The Bible says "Love your enemies." How many of us are doing that? I have been married two years and God has blessed me with a good husband and dear little baby girl now three months old.

I am a great lover of flowers and do some fancy work. I have just finished a shirt-waist in shadow embroidery and will gladly send the design to anyone desiring it.

Mrs. Eckle.—I would like to have the baby pillow and will return favor in any way I can. May God guide and protect you one and all is the prayer of

Mrs. E. L. BOZEL, 420 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow me space to thank the COMFORT sisters for the remedy? I received so many letters I could not possibly reply to them all, unless I had been a rich man's wife. The wen has been removed, thanks to one of the remedies received through COMFORT. It was of four years' growth and it required time, patience, and a great deal of physical pain, as I used the salt and yolk of egg remedy prescribed by many.

Mrs. Leland Harris and others who promised to write failed to do so. What was the reason? Will all who wrote me accept this as a personal letter? I could not use all the many different remedies sent me, though I believe they were all equally good.

Mrs. JNO. H. NICHOLSON, Wakulla, Fla.

### Requests from Shut-ins

We reluctantly make a change in this department this month because we are practically forced to do so on account of the flood of requests and letters which pour in from sufferers all over this country.

Although we have always condensed and made each appeal as concise as possible, a number unavoidably have been crowded out of this corner from month to month, thus causing dissatisfaction and a trial of patience for all concerned.

Until all the requests received to date, have appeared, we will simply give the name and address of each invalid, and ask each one personally to remember them in any way possible. Letters, books, little souvenir and remembrances,

## MY ALUMINUM EYE CUP FREE



I will send my Aluminum Eye Cup free to everyone afflicted with any Eye Trouble, I care not whether you are suffering with the most serious and complicated disease of the Eye, whether you have inflammation of the Eye Ball or Granulation of the Eye Lids you would have one of my Eye Cups in your house for prompt and immediate use. It is the newest, up-to-date and most effective way of applying remedies to the Eye. It is made from beautiful, white Aluminum, from molds specially constructed at great expense for the purpose; is lighter, more sanitary and in every way better than any other style or material yet devised. I will send you one without a cent of cost and at the same time will forward you in addition

### 5 Days' Treatment and My Eye and Ear Book FREE

My Free Eye and Ear Book tells in plain, simple language how all diseases and defects of the Eye, such as Falling Eyesight, Cataract, Granulated Lids, Scars, Sore Eyes, etc., may be successfully treated by patients in their own homes. It tells how deaf people, except those born deaf, may be restored to perfect hearing. It tells how to quickly relieve and cure Distressing Head Noises, Ringing and Buzzing in the Ears, Discharging Ears and Catarrh. It tells all about my Mild Medicine Method, which has restored sight and hearing to scores of supposedly incurable patients in every State.

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**Send No Money** mail my Aluminum Eye Cup, 5 Days' Treatment and Eye & Ear Book—all Free.

**DR. F. G. CURTIS, 867 Gumbel Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.**

pieces of all kinds, etc., will be gratefully and thankfully received by each sufferer. Remember—"As ye have done it unto the least of one of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

Mrs. Lillie Watson, Sevierville, R. D., 13, Tenn., an invalid for the past four years. Eugenia Moon, Cody, Va. Annie Layman, Conover, Ohio. Miss Nettie F. W. Glass, 37 East Thornton St., Akron, Ohio. Miss C. A. Barger, Monteville, Ala. Mrs. M. Lillian Perkins, Hunklock Creek, Pa. Hy. Stanley Bent, Turbine, Tex. and John Gordon, Perth, Ont. Can., both are ambitious cripples who are striving to be self-supporting. James Wall, Oxford, S. C. Vernon S. Stevens, Osgood, R. D., 4, Ind. A poor boy of twenty dependent upon a blind father. Mrs. E. A. Hollinger, Hebron, Ohio. Loessa E. Rhodes, New Bloomfield, Mo., asks to have a little granddaughter or eleven years of age remembered. Mrs. A. B. Olive, Holly Springs, R. D., (CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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**Each Piece is Gold Lined and Decorated with Arbutus Blossoms in All Their Dainty Colors**

**Each Piece of Your Set Will be Stamped with the Gold Medal Trademark. Each Piece is Full Size for Every Day Use**

It will make a fine breakfast set as well as a perfect dinner set. You will always be proud to use it at all times. You will always be glad to entertain your friends with these dishes and you can use them for your Sunday dinners and special occasions. There are hundreds of Chicago homes now using this same set. It is a dainty, high-class set of dishes that will be an ornament to the most refined home. The dinner plates are all full size 7-inch plates. In fact all of the pieces of this set are full size for regular dinner use and you will find good to use them when you want to be most careful and particular about your meal, and we are making it so simple and easy for you that you will really have no trouble at all. It only takes a few hours of your time. Just a few spare moments is all that's necessary.

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**M. E. HARRIS, Dept. 226, 52 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO**

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## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**T**HE middle of the Autumn-time is October, dear Cousins, and October is a lovely month when we all ought to feel good towards the world. I hope it has that effect on you, and that the melancholy days, the poet speaks of, have not been that way to you, and that they never will be. I love the October days, and if you like the things I do, so will you. Whether one of these is work, or not, I won't say. Only there is work to do and we mustn't talk during business hours.

The first cousin in the list this month is Blue Bell of Somerville, Conn., who has had a "break up" with her sweetheart and wants him to come back again. My, my, how many of you are like that? And just a little common sense and forbearance would have prevented it. Well, cousin, when you meet him again be real pleasant to him and ask him if he doesn't think both of you have been very foolish without any cause. If he is ugly after that, he is too ugly to worry over.

Anxious, Brewer, Mo.—He's honest enough, to tell you that he likes another girl better, but if he can't get her, he will take you. If you want to wait for him, all right. But most girls wouldn't. (2) He is neglectful and you can treat him as you please. But find out first why he didn't answer your letter. (3) It is proper to ask your escort to call on you, even though he has taken you home only the one time.

Brown Eyes, Downer's Grove, Ill.—You acted so thoughtlessly as to be silly, and you certainly owe him an apology.

Brown Curis, Hazel, S. D.—Yes, you can tell the young man when you have first met him that you hope to meet him again, if both of you have had a pleasant meeting.

Troubled Maiden, Central City, Ia.—Certainly a girl of nineteen should not have the privilege of accepting the attentions of a man without her mother's permission. Obey your mother, at least, until you are of age. Then if you want to take risks, you are responsible to yourself. As for marrying, that is also your own business if you wait until you are of age. (2) Candy, books, flowers, etc., may be accepted from men, but nothing of value.

Juanita, Wortham, Texas.—Those are only the advance touches he is making to see if you will let him put his arm around you. If you like him, you need not give him up on that account, but quietly tell him you do not like it, and he must not do it, or you will have to send him away. If he really likes you, he will think more of you for telling him. (2) He will have to give up the other girl, won't he?

Puzzled Girl, Danville, Ga.—Unless the young man has good reasons for waiting, you should break the engagement. Two years is too long to be engaged, unless there is excellent cause for the delay. (2) Can't you find out why he has not answered your letter? Write and ask him. (3) Don't worry about what he is coming for. He'll tell you now.

Mamma's Fairy, Lake Arthur, N. M.—At fourteen you had better let your mother write to the young man explaining why you can't write to him. (2) You did quite right in leaving the room where the teacher was who tried to kiss you. You should have reported him to the trustees. That kind of man is not fit to teach girls. (3) Don't let your cousin be quite as familiar as your brother may be. Cousins are not brothers.

Baby, Mason, Texas.—If the young man refuses to return your presents, and you have no other man to call on, then you might ask the sheriff. He'll get them all right, and scare the young man besides.

Lonely, Enterprise, Fla.—So long as you have no beau, and do not care for the beaus of the other girls, I think you have a right to "jolly" with all of them, but you must do it so nicely as not to gain the ill will of the other girls. Never walk with a couple unless the invitation to do so comes from the girl. Otherwise there'll be trouble.

Troubled Heart, Solona, Ill.—For goodness sake don't find fault with him because he wants you to have a good time when he is away. Do you want him to tie you up to a post and keep you at home unless he can be around to watch you? Really, Cousin, you are silly.

Lassie, Rosebud and Water Lily, Gallion, Ala.—A girl cannot honestly have more than one sweetheart. (2) The young man, who tells two girls he loves them, does not love either, and is trying to deceive both. (3) Fine cousins may marry in Alabama, by law, but they should not do so.

Big Daisy, Santa Claus, Ind.—I suppose you are too particular for the boys and do not let them handle you as if you were a bale of rags. But you are right and can well afford to maintain your self-respect at the price of such attention. (2) As to the boy you like, if you will continue to be on friendly terms with him as you are now, it will work around right. If it is to be. Don't scare him by being too anxious.

Vivian, Mt. Vernon, O.—Most women who have married respectable stingy men think it is really more trying than to have married liberal ones who were not so very respectable. If this one who wants to marry you had the liberal spirit he would help you to regain your health first. Did you ever ask him to do so? Try it and see what he says. In any event if your health is poor you should not marry.

Anxious Heart, Eldorado Springs, Mo.—The young man is so anxious to get rid of you that he almost slaps you in the face. The way he treated you about taking you to the picnic was inexcusable. Write and tell him so, and that you are done with him for all time. Ask him to return your photograph, and send his to him when you write. He's no sort of good.

Simple Sally, Meeker, Okla.—What does a boy of seventeen know about love? And a girl of sixteen hasn't much more judgment. Scrap it out between yourselves, and when you are old enough to know better you will wonder why you were so silly.

Unhappy Kathie, Forest Place, Md.—Break the engagement by all means rather than marry the man whom you cannot love and honor. It is a man whom you cannot love and honor, feeling as you do, than to break the engagement. Indeed, the only honorable thing you can do is to break the engagement. The right kind of a man would much prefer that you did not marry him. I should think.

Three Dakota Kids, Havana, N. D.—If three of you don't know how to inspire the men to take you driving, I'm sure I don't. Shoo, kids, you must be old maids, like I am. No man takes me driving. (2) Love will find the way.

Lonesome Blue, Thomastown, Ala.—Wait till you are twenty-one, then if the young man is still of the same opinion he is now, you can

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marry whether your papa likes it or not. At sixteen a girl should try to please her father before any other man on earth.

Disgusted, Tampa, Fla.—That kind of a young chap is not the kind worth giving a second thought to. Let him go and forget him. (2) No. (3) Wait for him to write first. Don't let your eagerness make you un ladylike.

Lonely Heart, Pleasant Valley, O.—Obey your parents until you are twenty-one. Then reason with them.

Sweet Sixteen, Marietta, Ga.—Mind your mother. If you can't be sensible be as sensible as you can. Study hard and grow older. Keep your eyes on the older man, but don't place your heart anywhere till you are of age.

Brown-eyed Belle, Hico, Texas.—He is altogether too indifferent and likes other girls too much to be very reliable, I think. If he loved you as he should, he would not be kissing every girl he could. But, if you want to marry that kind, you may, if you think you'll be happier with him than a better kind.

Little Buttercup, Barcom, Fla.—You proved how much he loved you by refusing to let him kiss you, merely because he told you he loved you. After you refused him he went away and never mentioned the subject again. Do you imagine he could have treated you so, if he really loved you? He was only fooling you, that was all.

There, dears, your questions are answered, and I have had very little scolding to do, haven't I? I must be getting in a better humor. Some of the cousins will find their questions answered in the Etiquette column because they addressed their letters to the Etiquette Editor, and some of them to me were on subjects of Etiquette and not intended for me. Now, by, by, and let us all try to be good for another whole month.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mermaid, Queen City, Mo.—Probably massaging the flesh would be the best remedy to get the skin back where it belongs. At least, it will be no harm to try it night and morning for a few weeks. Rub and knead yourself thoroughly for ten minutes each time.

Troubled Heart, Heriot, S. C.—It is proper for a girl to correspond with a man fifteen years her senior, if her parents do not object. So it is for her to kiss the young man who has been going to see her four years. (2) Marry the man you love if he is the right kind of a man for you to marry. Find out as much about him as you can. Better ask questions now than when it is too late.

Brown-eyed Ruth, Charlevoix, Mich.—It is highly improper, and the chap should not be allowed in the house. (2) The lady to the man's left is the rule in walking, but there are exceptions. (3) Tell him you will be very glad to have him take you home.

Sunny Louise, New Smyrna, Fla.—The rubber rain coat would be very appropriate for cool weather if it is one of these that does not look rubbery. For wearing to school it is better than any other kind, for no one knows when it may rain.

W. E. B., Wales, Wis.—The man should tip his hat when introduced to or meeting a lady, when he has his hat on. He should say, though he need not say anything except to respond to what she may say. (2) Oct. 1, 1890, Tuesday. (3) A man may part his hair on either side, or in the middle—until he becomes bald, when the middle is his only chance, and a wide one.

Freckled Lass, Manchester, Mich.—If the custom of the community says it is right for the man to put his arm around the girl he is driving with, it may be followed with safety, we think. When it comes right down to question of propriety, it is not proper. (2) The lady determines what is the correct hour to return from the drive. (3) An engaged young man has no right to go to places with other girls except with the consent of his fiancée.

Alabama Girl, New Brockton, Ala.—As long as you are not marrying his kinfolks, and he is all right, and they are respectable, what difference does it make? Of course if his folks are not people that you can associate with and they will be a handicap always. It makes a lot of difference, and you had better marry some body else. But don't give him up unless there is something very serious the matter with his family, or him.

Alone, Murray, Ia.—At a formal dinner, the napkin need not be folded when you are through with it, but at a family dinner, where the others fold their napkins you may do the same, though you need not be extremely careful to get it perfectly folded. (2) Usually a sitting person rises to an introduction, though women may use their pleasure about it. Men, however, must if they are to be introduced to ladies, and usually to men, unless it is very informal.

Anxious Kate, Buffalo, N. Y.—There is no remedy for a retreating chin. Nature made it that way, and that way it must remain.

Anxious, Midville, Iowa.—The mother should not sit all the evening helping her daughter entertain a young man caller. She should, however, come in and see him for a few minutes. (2) The young man's sister should ask her brother to accompany her and her visitor, though the visitor might, if they were all quite informal with each other.

Fern, Merom, Ind.—A fourteen year old girl, we fancy, could eat ice cream with a boy at an ice cream supper, if her parents had no objection. Etiquette is not against it. (2) But she isn't quite old enough to wear her hair as women do.

C. C., Plattsburg, Mo.—Tell the girl of fourteen when she gets older she will have more sense, and that you are hoping to improve a little yourself. If you think you must marry at twenty-one, marry a woman seven years older than you are instead of a child seven years younger.

D. E. H., Sellersville, Pa.—Don't do it unless you want to queer the whole shooting-match. No charge for advice.

Black-eyed Susan, Nelsonville, O.—Something pretty and useful makes the best Christmas present for either sex, and preferably something for personal use, like a silver match safe for a man, or a silver pencil or bookmark for a girl. (2) See answer above to "Freckled Lass."

Daisy, Rank, Tenn.—The lady thanks her escort for bringing her home from anywhere. She may thank him in her own way. There is no rule. (2) It is hospitable to ask him to call, even if he does not ask to call.

Bessie, Claremont, Minn.—Do you think it would be proper to send your photograph to a man whom you have ordered out of your house? What are you thinking about? (2) It is proper to call a man up by phone if you want to speak to him.

Heavy Heart, Lemars, Ia.—Why do you dream dreams and dawdle dawdles like that about the girl who is a fairy vision and so forth and so forth? Get on a train and go to Chicago after her. You need more action and less sentiment; less heart and more hustle. Get a move on and cinch your claim on "her who to me was more than a person." We have seldom heard from a young man who had a worse case than yours—and nobody to blame for it but himself. P. S. We don't know what kind of college you have at Lemars, but your letter would indicate that its curriculum was a shade shy on syntax, orthography and composition.

Reader, Tonic, Neb.—No wonder you are unpopular with boys and girls—you are a molly-coddle on your own admission. Brace up and hit the first boy that imposes on you. Hit him hard, even if you get licked. Keep at it till you lick somebody. In the mean time learn to dance and give the girls the whirl every time the band plays. You are seventeen now, and in a year or so you ought to be Nerry Ned of Tonicville.

W. Y., Waco, Texas.—At an evening wedding the groom wears the usual evening dress for men—with white tie, waistcoat and gloves. Day wedding he wears frock coat, dark gray trousers, pearl gloves and tie to match, and waistcoat of same color, or white. As soon after the ceremony as guests come to shake hands, he can take off his gloves.

Country Girl, Wall Lake, Ia.—You may thank the person who on saying good by adds that he

is glad to have met you. And you may say that you are very glad to have met him, or her.

Troubled Girl, Glendale, Ore.—Tell the man you don't want his good opinion. Tell him also that it was your duty to tell his sweetheart about his making love to you and trying to put his arm around you. If more women and girls did as you have done with this man there would be decenter men around and the entire social atmosphere would clear up after the storm. As long as men know they can expect immunity from women so long will they transgress. You are all right.

L. M., Clarion, N. Y.—If his wife does not object he and his old sweetheart may exchange postcards.

Timmie, Akron, Ia.—You may wear any sort of a ring you please on the third finger of your left hand.

Indian Girl, Sapulpa, I. T.—Always thank anyone who extends to you any sort of courtesy. People should do that instinctively and not by rule.

W. F. E. M., Durango, Ia.—You are right, love does mean marriage, but many young men tell girls they love them, when the marriage idea is about the last to enter their minds. Don't be fooled by such talk. If a man really loves you and tells you so, he will ask you to marry him.

Subscriber, Centerville, Ia.—Wait until he shows that he wants to go with you. Be nice to him, but don't be too anxious. (2) Ask the young man what he meant by holding your hand so long.

F. F., Black Betsy, W. Va.—You can't change your hair from brown to black except by the use of dyes which are much worse than brown hair.

Troubled Girl, Moundsville, Wis.—Summer shirt-waists don't look well worn in winter, no matter what you have under them to make them warm. However, if others in Moundsville wear them, you may. (2) It is all right to kiss your fiancé before strangers. Let them talk. What do you care?

Perplexed Matron, Tilden, Idaho.—Wear your skirts to your shoe tops. Black is too somber for a girl of fifteen. Wear something young and bright.

E. H., Rutledge, Tenn.—Teaspoonful of phosphate soda in glass of water to clear the complexion. Let it dissolve in the water and drink it. It is not for external application.

Black Eyes, Farina, Ill.—Obey your father, no matter if the young man does act like a gentleman when in your presence.

Laura, Rochester, N. Y.—Wedding announcements do not call for presents. Neither do invitations unless you want to give them. (2) In signing your name to a letter or other paper which is to come before any person or persons to whom you are unknown always prefix it with (Miss). When you marry, if you sign your married name not having your husband's initials prefix (Mrs.).

## Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

finest oysters that ever went into the New York market."

"Why didn't you tell me on't?"

"I'm not going to pour them into your rum bottle."

"I won't drink no more, Charlie."

"I have heard you say that before."

"Sartin true this time."

"Will you go with me or not?" demanded the boy, impatiently.

"She'll kill me, if I do."

"I won't come back again, if you don't go," added Charlie.

"I wish I dared to go," said Job, as he glanced at the door where his persecutor stood.

"Come on board the boat, if you don't go any farther."

Job followed him down to the creek.

"Job!" screamed his wife.

"I'm only going to the boat. I'll come right back," answered the wretched husband.

The creek was but a short distance from the house. They embarked in the tender, and Charlie pulled down the stream to a point near the mouth of it, where Job's boat, which he loved better than his wife, was moored.

Like her, its name was Betsy Ann, for the owner had christened it before his family relations had become so unpleasant. It was a schooner of some twenty tons, and though she had seen many years of hard service, she still looked very well, and was noted as a stiff and weatherly craft. She had a considerable cabin, where her owner was always happier than in his own house.

Charlie hoisted the mainsail, and then run up the jib in spite of Job's protest. Dropping the moorings, he took the helm, and the Betsy Ann stood off from the shore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## Here's a Happy Family.

In every home there comes a time when all means of entertainment have fled. Every way to bring joy and cheerfulness has been exhausted. At those times father and mother begin to wonder what can be done to keep the boys and girls at home. It is a serious problem, but it must be met in every household. Young folks need something more than the things which have kept the older ones entertained. There is no father nor mother who does not want to keep the children at home, entertain them at home, take away the dullness and make them feel at home. I don't believe you could find better entertainment for the home and for your children than that which is pictured here. Surely there is no lack of joy with such scenes occurring nightly.



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Music has a strange and fascinating power. It moves the human race to great and dignified actions. Why is it that in the heat of battle the regimental bands strike up the liveliest and the fiercest airs? It is to fire the soldiers with an enthusiasm that even the bravest could not feel if it were not for the stirring music. Do you remember what the American band played at El Caney? A "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and with a cheer the American troops swarmed over the hill sweeping the Spaniards before them. Who can deny the charm there is in music? You may hear great military bands in YOUR HOME. An Edison Phonograph will bring them there. You may have a free trial no matter where you live.

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So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

G. H. J., Evansville, Minn.—Nothing will color the skin permanently unless it is some pigment introduced under the cuticle. Mere stain will grow off as the skin changes which it is constantly doing. (2) Specks before the eyes, when not the result of defective vision, are caused by a disordered stomach and liver. In one case, consult an oculist; in the other, diet yourself and take a dose of salts in hot water half an hour before breakfast.

W. G. N., Topeka, Kans.—You are in a malarial condition and the best thing you can do is to take a trip off to the high lands of Colorado. Go out there and work for three months and you'll feel like a different man. Then come back to Kansas if you want to, though we think you won't. If you go, you may be worse for the first month, but that is only the malaria getting out of the system, and you will begin to pick up after that. In the mean time, if you have not been taking quinine, take about six or eight grains a day, and eat simple, wholesome food, and not much of it, and take a dose of salts, three times a week, before breakfast.

P. N. L., Middleboro, Mass.—Moles are not to be removed except by experts skilled in the profession, and not always successfully, even by them. Moles are dangerous things to tamper with, and our advice is that you let them alone. Ask any physician in your town what he thinks about them.

W. H., Muskegon, Mich.—Nobody can cure you but yourself. You have simply to exercise your own will power and the cure will be effected. Otherwise you will go to your grave a wreck. Nothing that matter with you except your own foolish weakness, and you've got to brace up on your own resolution. Better not try the concerns you mention. One, we know, is not reliable. Take to the open air, bright company, lively associates, keep away from yourself and get a sweetheart to cheer you up and be your wife.

Distressed Reader, Howell, Ind.—One hair remedy is about as good as another, and the best will not make hair grow when the roots are dead. Might as well try to make teeth grow again, when they are pulled out. If you have lost your hair by disease, the drug store remedies will usually get it going again. They are as good as any you can make yourself, and better.

A. J., Cadiz, Ill.—If you feel no ill effects from not perspiring freely, don't bother about it. You are all right. Nature is handling you on a different plan from most people, that's all.

P. P. N., Walhalla, N. Dak.—The changes of skin you mention are natural and as you are not inconvenienced except some as to your looks when your face gets red, you had better not try to improve on nature and make matters worse. As you look all right on fair days, and there are more fair days than foul in the Dakotas, you have no cause for complaint, or medical treatment.

A. Z., Rich Hill, Mo.—You have, we should say, catarrh of the stomach. You need a physician to treat that properly, but you can do most of the cure by careful dieting and getting your digestive organs to working right. At nineteen you should be able in a year or so to get into very fair shape, but it will take time and care. Eat sparingly and only such food as you can easily digest and drink no coffee. Eat very little meat, and that mostly lamb, and no pork. Eat bread toasted hard, and drink no water at meals, but plenty between. Uncooked cabbage, rice, eggs, milk with bread in it, fruits, no pastry, and such vegetables as cause no uneasiness after eating. You will have to make your own diet by trying out your food. Take salts, before breakfast in hot water, often enough to keep your bowels open. Now, go and see a doctor and tell him what we have told you.

E. S. S., M., Buckner, Ark.—Malodorous perspiration is quite common and its cause is not definitely known. About the simplest remedy for it is to put a few drops of ammonia in the water you bathe in. Not in the water in which you wash your face, as it will affect the eyes. If applied daily or oftener it will destroy the odor at once. If you have a druggist near you he can supply you with ammonia especially prepared for such use.

E. D., Ellabelle, Ga.—We can't do anything for you except to advise you to go to Atlanta and consult a specialist. If you are not able to pay much he will not charge you much. Doctors are human, and that is why they charge high prices to those who can pay, and help those all they can, who are not able to pay. If you let the case continue, you never can be cured. We take it for granted that your physician's diagnosis was correct.

Neigh, New Mayville, Pa.—It is physiologically wrong for cousins to marry. Just as it is for the inbreeding of any other stock. Man is merely an animal in his anatomy and physiology, and the same laws govern the whole animal kingdom. There may be many instances which are exceptions, but the violation of the law will bring its punishment in due time.

Old-time Subscriber, Collis, Minn.—Your trouble is indigestion. Your food is not digested and all the other trouble follows. First, diet yourself. See answer above to "A. Z., Rich Hill, Mo." on what to eat. In addition take after eating a half teaspoonful of cooking soda in a glass of water. You are giving your digestive organs more work than they can do and they are breaking down and taking the others with them. Help nature by giving your insides less work to do, and better materials to work with.

Sundowner, Kansas City, Kans.—Your complexion would improve if you got out into the sunshine oftener, and took the exercise prescribed by the physical culturists. Housework is one kind of exercise, but it is not the kind you need. (2) It is generally accepted that superfluous hair cannot be permanently removed by electrolytic treatment by a specialist. Depilatories, more or less injurious, will remove it temporarily only. The plain shaving with a razor. Hydrogen peroxide is the same as peroxide of hydrogen, and it is stronger than dilute. Try touching the warts with lunar caustic. Be careful not to get it on the adjoining skin.

Inquisitive, Allegheny, Pa.—As good a hair remover as we know of is a razor, unless you want to pay a lot of money to a specialist who can do it permanently with electricity. Ask your druggist what he thinks about chemical shaving, or any barber.

J. G., Carlisle, Ky.—Evidently it is some tumorous growth of the benignant sort, and may not be serious, but the sooner you let the physician get his hands on it and see what it is the bet-

ter chance you will have to get rid of it. Delays are dangerous.

G. B. W., White Earth, N. Dak.—Ordinary chloroform liniment, to be had at any drug store, is the best for sciatic and muscular rheumatism. Do not rub the parts affected, but moisten a piece of dannel with the liniment and hold it tightly over the affected part, covering the hand with another piece of cloth to keep the fumes in. As soon as it begins to get very hot let the air get to it, to prevent blistering. Be careful or you will blister yourself more than you like. A change of climate is of more benefit than all the medicine and you should go to the hot, dry climate of Arizona or New Mexico.

A. H. J., Kizer, Tenn.—The physician, if a good one, who made the examination is the only person competent to judge and what he says should be accepted as against a guess from one a thousand miles away. Put the case in the physician's hands and let him treat it properly. If you want to get rid of the trouble, or at least, relieve it. If the patient is upwards of fifty, relief is about the best he can expect.

C. M. Z., Kenmare, N. Dak.—Press the blackheads out after steaming the face over a basin of boiling water, covering the head with a towel. Massage ten minutes with a cream made of express oil of sweet almonds, ninety minims, fresh cucumber juice, one ounce; lanoline, four drams; of rose, four drops. Melt the oil and lanoline in a double boiler; take from the fire and stir in the cucumber juice. Before the mixture cools add the perfume; beat until cool. Remove all the cream from the face with a soft towel, bathe in hot water and apply a lotion made as follows: Boracic acid, one dram; alcohol, one ounce; rosewater, two ounces. Each morning bathe the face in hot and cold water alternately, in the last cold water put a few drops of benzoin. Steam the face once a week only. If you are unable to make your own massage cream, that you can get at a drug store may be used.

F. B., Youngtown, N. Dak.—For discolorations of the skin use bichloride of mercury, four grains; sulphate of zinc, eight grains; spirits of camphor, ten grains; distilled water, 300 grains. Apply with soft linen to discolorations only. (2) A tonic for eyebrows and lashes is made as follows: sulphate of quinine, five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. Apply at the roots with a fine brush.

Ruby, Pine Grove, Ill.—The re nose may be due to indigestion. Try dieting, and stop drinking coffee, if you drink it. Get plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Wear comfortable clothing and shoes. Take a cold bath every morning. Apply this lotion daily: tannic acid, fifteen grains; camphor water, five ounces.

Lucy, Hot Springs, Ark.—Vaucaire's de-luper is said to be the best. It is compounded as follows: Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grains; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grains; tincture of fennel, ten grains; simple syrup, 400 grains. Dose two teaspoonfuls in water before each meal. Bathe the bust every morning in cold water. Also practice deep-breathing, every morning on arising. Inhale by the nose and exhale by the mouth. Take as long breaths as possible, and as many as ten, when you can do so many.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

### Requests from Shut-ins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

1. N. C. Ora Huffman and Mrs. P. B. Buckner, Wilmington, Ind. Mrs. Minnie Strickland, Box 722, Union City, Mich. Miss Sallie C. Swartz, Box 64, Dayton, R. D. 19, Va. Mrs. F. D. Owen, Ochloch, R. D. 1, Ga. Perrif Andrews, Box 45, Emmet, R. D. 2, Ark. A crippled boy of thirteen, Miss Catharine Young, Box 42, Morganfield, R. D. 2, Ky. A crippled shut-in of twenty-six, Frances Jany, Aurora, R. D. 4, Ind. Medie Phillips, Lumbia, Ky. and Mrs. Priscilla Moore, 2908 Farragut Ave., Camden, N. J. Miss Maggie Pearce, Box 53, Adrian, Mo., letter party Nov. 5. Mrs. S. H. Wyatt, Westfield, Mass., letter party, Nov. 24. Lydia Underhill, Barlow, Ky. A life-long cripple. Julia Botts, Gamaliel, Ky. Mr. Henry Vandenberg, Belyona Cove, Queen's Co., N. Y. Mrs. Maria Allison, 92 Sherman Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey. Mr. Schofield, 238 Bower St., Jersey City, N. J. Miss Hannah Griffin, Bristol, Conn. Mrs. Mary L. Talbot, Haverhill, N. H. Mrs. Jennie Buchanan, Twin Falls, Idaho. An invalid for the past two years. Mrs. Mattie Moore, Kokomo, Ind., care County Infirmary. A sufferer who has been confined to a chair for thirty years.

## Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

### To Cure Consumption

Dissolve one grain of chlorate of potash in a cup of warm water. Dose, one half teaspoonful in a little water after meals. A. E. C.

### Easy Way to Pick Ducks

Dr-pick the first layer of feathers, and put the ducks into a pan and sprinkle them thoroughly with powdered rosin; then pour boiling water over them. The feathers will come off easily bringing the down with them. Duck picking has always been a problem, and a very great task; this is an old-fashioned way of doing but very effectual.

### Apple Salad

Select apples of uniform size and scoop out center, heap the cavity with equal parts of chopped apple, celery and nuts, moistened with mayonnaise dressing, stick a sprig of celery into the top of each and serve on a lettuce leaf. If red apples are used the salad is especially attractive.

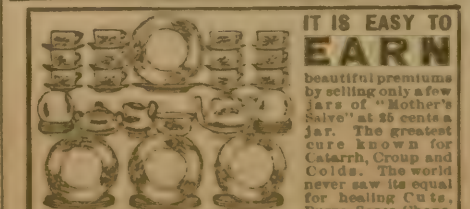
### Grape Catsup

Five pounds of grapes, one pound sugar, one pint vinegar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and salt. Tie spices in muslin bag (they should be whole). Cook grapes until soft then strain and add spices, etc., cook slowly until quite thick; bottle while hot. I put mine in glass jars same as any fruit and seal hot. J. A. D.

### Chicken with Macaroni

One half pound of macaroni boiled in water with a lump of butter for one quarter hour; drain off the water, then cover with milk; add salt and pepper and a whole onion stuck with four cloves, boil until the macaroni is tender. Boil a chicken in the usual way and when tender cut it up and lay it on a hot dish; pour the macaroni over it; remove the onion and grate cheese over the whole. Brown it in the oven and serve hot.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



## IT IS EASY TO EARN

beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Group and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Ask your neighbor. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine Hanging Lamp, of solid brass frame, has 30 beautiful crystal glass pendants, done by hand decorated in flowers in their natural colors; automatic spring extension for higher or lower ceilings. For selling only 25¢ doz. Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Curtains, Kitchen Cabinets, Skirts, Furniture and anything in the line of Household Goods.

NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Just send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 14 yrs. our Premiums always the best. Compare with others. See our other ads in this paper.

Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. 8 1025—35th St., Chicago

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## YOUR FORTUNE Told Free

by the world's greatest Astrologer. Past, present and future revealed. Send me your name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, and if married or single, and enclose a 2c. stamp for postage and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death. I have made others happy and believe I can help you. FREE, LEE, Dept. F, Natick, Mass.

## DETECTIVES

Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; previous experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau 6, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## RARE SHOE BARGAINS

Write to-day for our big free Shoe Catalog which describes, illustrates and price lists mammoth one-half million-dollar stocks of fine-made shoes of all kinds, for all purposes and for all climates. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe-making art, perfect finish, fit as smoothly as a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper; every pair made from choicest stock by expert shoemakers. We undersell everybody, no one can meet our prices. We sell Ladies' Shoes at 50c up; Ladies' Leather Shoes at 1.39 up; Women's Heavy Out Door Shoes \$1.10 up; Ladies' and Men's House Slippers 25c up; Men's House Slippers 25c up; Men's Patent Leather Bluecher Shoes \$1.08 up; Men's Felt Shoes 95c up; Men's and Women's Shoes 90c up; Children's Shoes 40c up; Infants' Shoes 15c up; Full line of Sportswear and Athletes' Shoes; Rubber Footwear of all kinds. Order from this ad, sending price and size and width of shoe worn, or write for our big shoe catalog, which we will send you free of charge. Write to-day for free shoe catalog. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., Madison Street, CHICAGO

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## DROP SEWING MACHINE

7.35 \$35

If you are thinking of buying a sewing machine, you will find this the best sewing machine made at less than one-third the price of a good one. Write to-day for our big free sewing machine catalog, which illustrates and describes our full line of sewing machines at \$5.75 to \$23.50. It shows our famous light running and noiseless "Emulite" line in full (over fifty types), tells all the wonderful improved and perfect mechanism of these best of all machines, gives hundreds of testimonials from people using these unmatched machines and explains convincingly why our best running and noiseless "Emulite" machines surpass any other machines, no matter what the name, make or price may be. For your own good, for economy's sake, before you buy write for our big free sewing machine catalog for our big free sewing machine catalog.

and send our offer to send you a famous light running and noiseless "Emulite" sewing machine without any money down on 30 days free trial, and our 15-day money-back guarantee. READ OUR LATEST and GREATEST OFFER WHEREBY YOU CAN USE ANY OF OUR SEWING MACHINES AT OUR RISK 90 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., Madison Street, CHICAGO

150, 151 West Madison Street, CHICAGO



# Have You Got Rheumatism?

Tired of Stomach Drugging, Liniments and Medicines?

Try Without Cost a New External Remedy That Is Curing Thousands.

## \$1.00's Worth to Try Free

We have found a cure for Rheumatism and are proving this fact to the people day-in and day-out by thousands of cures. We are curing old, chronic cases of Rheumatism where victims of the cruel disease had suffered as long as 30 and 40 years without relief. We know this—there's no doubt or guesswork about it. These long-standing, stubborn cases are the very ones we want, and if the remedy can possibly fail in a single case of the worst kind we want to know it. You who have endured the awful pain, lameness and endless torture of this dreadful disease will be glad to know that a cure has at last been found. You must try the great Michigan Cure for Rheumatism in every form, chronic or acute, muscular, inflammatory, sciatic, lumbago or gout. No matter how severe or chronic your case may be—don't give up, don't despair before you have tried this cure. It doesn't make any difference what you have tried or how long you have suffered, we believe there is relief and comfort in every pair of Magic Foot Drafts, and we want you to try them on our assurance that they do and will cure Rheumatism in almost every cruel form and stage. Try them at our expense, and if you are satisfied with the benefit received send us one dollar—if not, don't send us a cent. Write your name and full address on the Coupon below and send it right back to us. By next mail you will get the \$1.00 pair of Drafts just as we promised.



### FREE \$1.00 COUPON

Magic Foot Draft Co., 1056 Oliver Bldg.  
Jackson, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—Send a \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts free to try to

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

# PILES

Wonderful New Three-fold Remedy  
Curing Thousands—Anyone May  
Try It Without Cost.

Let US Send You \$1 Worth  
FREE ON APPROVAL

We want every sufferer from piles to send us his or her address at once. Return mail will bring, Free to Try, our complete new three-fold Absorption Cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipation and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, we take your word and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial.



This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. We are anxious to have you test it and know for yourself that a safe, sure and permanent cure has at last been found for this painful disease. Act now and avoid needless delay and danger.

Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable new Pile Book (in colors) comes free with the approval treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—but write today—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1056 Majestic Building, Jackson, Mich.

**GOLD TEETH** THE LATEST PAIN  
KILLER FOR ALL PAIN  
ALL PAIN KILLER FOR ALL PAIN  
ALL PAIN KILLER FOR ALL PAIN  
C. Y. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

C. M. D. Easley, S. C.—Write to Mortimer Green, 26 East 24th St., or to Holcombe & Co., 18 East 28th St., New York City. If they do not handle, ask them to refer your letter to someone who does.

Mo. Boy, South West, Mo.—The best art schools are in the eastern cities, but as a beginning you might take a course from a correspondence school. That will at least give you a pretty good idea of what you will have to do before you can draw well enough to make a living at it. Your samples indicate that you have talent enough to improve it.

W. O. H., Callao, Mo.—There is not enough premium on half pennies to make it worth while unless you have a large number. Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

Soldier Boy, Macon, Tenn.—Apply for information concerning West Point to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., or better, to your Congressman. You will have to improve considerably in your writing, unless you are a much better fighter than writer. However, you spell all right.

E. E. E., Chicago, Ill.—Take your coin to some of the dealers in your town and make inquiries where you can sell it if you like the price.

W. H., Muskegon, Mich.—You may get all particulars about all branches of the Civil Service by writing to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Miss A. L., Minier, Ill.—The person who writes essays and orations to order does not usually make his business known. There are writers, we suppose, who wrote essays and orations for other people, but we do not know them as we do not require their services.

A. M., Winsted, Conn.—As you do not state what kind of a lawyer, civil or criminal, you want, and our acquaintance is limited, we think it would be better for you to inquire of a lawyer in your own town for the address of some reliable man who is known to your informant. He will not charge you for the information.

Miss Sciotto F. Jones, Lakeview, Lake Co., Ore.—would like to hear from COMFORT readers who have had song words set to music about their experience and all particulars.

X. Y. Z., Westley, Cal.—As a rule periodicals for children do not pay high prices for stories. You can only find out what they pay by selling a story. Write to Boys' World or Girls' Companion, Elgin, Ill.; Little Folks, Salem, Mass.; Golden Days, Philadelphia, Pa.; Little Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.; American Boy, Detroit, Mich. These are all secular, and will pay for stories that they accept. (2) Mrs. Southworth was born in Washington, D. C., in 1819 and died there in 1899. Her first novel was *Retribution*, published in 1849. (3) The Earl of Minto is Viceroy of India.

Old Sub. Abingdon, Va.—The business of mistletoe and holly for Christmas is local for us to know about. Washington and Baltimore ought to be good markets, but some of the nearer and smaller towns would be better. You should know the business men in them better than we do.

Mrs. Bowers, 39 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., would like to hear from any COMFORT reader who has been cured of neuralgia, or had great relief from it. She wants to know all particulars. In our opinion there is no cure possible except in a hot, dry climate, and not sure then.

S. A. V., Huron, S. D.—We know of no old people's homes except those that charge for care, though we believe some of the states have such institutions. County infirmaries usually look after the indigent old.

Reader, New Orleans, La.—If you mean correspondence schools you will find them advertised in about every magazine you will pick up on a news stand.

M. H., Versailles, O.—The canal from West Troy, N. Y. to Whitehall is called the Champlain. (2) "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice rise like a fountain for me night and day." is from "The Passing of Arthur," by Alfred Tennyson. We have added a little to the quotation as you gave it.

Interested Inquirer, Fall River, Wis.—We get it from the publisher, and have nothing whatever to do with it in its original form. We use only matter of established reputation.

Subscriber, Globe, Ariz.—You had better borrow a cyclopedia and read up on the subject of rubber. We haven't space to go into details such as you ask for.

R. H., Oshkosh, Wis.—He is all right as far as we know. Write him again and if you do not hear from him, write to the mayor of the town, or the postmaster for information. Inclose postage for reply. We have had no complaint from others. Did you send the money in cash, or P. O. order, or note?

## The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

the soil, Gene. I can't bear the thought of your going away again."

"I shall not need to do that, mother. Do you remember Willoughby, Tom Willoughby I used to go to school with?"

"You mean the man who has just been sworn in as Attorney General?"

"Yes. We have kept up a desultory correspondence ever since I went West, and he has offered me charge of his extensive law practice in Grafton. It is only six miles away and I can go back and forth on the trolley. What do you think of the arrangement, mother?"

"I am delighted with anything that will keep you at home even a portion of the time," replied his mother smiling contentedly.

"It suits me perfectly," said Uncle John. "I never thought much of yere ability as a farmer, Gene, and that's why I encouraged ye to go in for the law. I'm very glad Theta and I are going to keep on running the farm. We are just natural born farmers."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Uncle John as a Philosopher." Send 5 cents for 12 months, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

### Apple Fool

Pare and core some apples, place in a jar with moist sugar sufficient to render them palatable, add a little cider. Set the jar in a saucepan over the fire and cook until the apples are quite soft, then mash through a colander. Serve with cream and sugar. MRS. RUBY PARKER.

### Drop Biscuits

Three cups flour, three teaspoonsful baking powder, two tablespoonsful lard. Salt to taste. Add milk enough to make a stiff batter and drop in gem pans.

### Float

One quart of milk, yolks of four eggs, six tablespoonsful of sugar. Stir all together until it begins to thicken, then pour in whites of four eggs used. INDIA M. CATTERSON.

### Comfort Postal Requests

**How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free**  
This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanging in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return a full favor. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Mike Peterson, Narcoossee, Fla. Martha Wagner, Box 23, Clayton Center, Ohio. Miss Ethel M. Stredwick, Hecker, N. Dak. Mr. Garret Robinson, Narcoossee, Fla. N. H. Bull, Orlando, R. F. D., 1, W. Va. Mrs. Iva Dugger, Mendoza, R. F. D., 1, Texas. G. G. Breyer, Hortonville, R. F. D., 21, Wis. Mrs. Cora Holmes, Box 57, Roseburg, Oregon. Miss Mary Shaffer, Box 58, Weston, R. F. D., 1, Ill. Miss Beattie M. Foster, Amsterdam, Va. Mrs. May Denton, Evansville, Indiana. Alma Rhinn, Lake Fork, Ill. Miss Harriet L. Marck, 6810 Linwood Ave., N. E., Cleveland, O. Belle Gorman, Manitowish, R. F. D., 3, Ill. Maggie Denton, 910 3rd Ave., Evansville, Ind. Miss Bertha Atwater, 1612 Sedgwick St., Allegheny City, Pa.

### Letters of Thanks

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I take this method to sincerely thank all who so kindly remembered me (a locomotor ataxia shut-in), by sending letters, cards and various kinds of reading matter. May God's richest blessing ever abide with each and everyone of them; although financially poor and in my sixtieth year, I want to always be on COMFORT's subscription list.

If Miss Nannie Depper, formerly of Winston, Salem, N. C., should read this, she will please accept my sincere thanks for the box of stationery that she so kindly sent me Christmas. I mailed her a letter of thanks, which she never received, as the letter was returned to me. Again thanking each and everyone concerned for their kindness to me, and hoping I may receive more letters in the near future, I am your old cripple friend.

C. E. Fry, Box 21, Williamstown, R. F. D., 4, Kentucky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to join your interesting band. I am a shut-in and I want to tell you how much I appreciate your paper.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

**\$7.47**

**15 JEWEL AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH**

**ON 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**

Guaranteed 20 years, 15 jewels, high-grade, high-grade 20-year guaranteed, 15 jewel American Waltham watches which we will send out on 30 days' free trial as a great adv. for our jewelry dept. They are the real, genuine, celebrated Waltham watches, guaranteed 20 years—exactly the same kind jewelers sell at \$18. THE WORLD FAMOUS WALTHAM MOVEMENT with which this elegant watch is fitted is faultless, perfectly finished; has 15 jewels in settings; quick train, straight line escapement, exposed pallet, compensating balance, celebrated Waltham hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, highly polished regulator, stem wind and stem set; is a perfect timekeeper, carefully timed and tested before leaving our establishment; fully guaranteed for 20 years.

**THE ELEGANT CASE** by the most famous watch case manufacturer in the world of two extra heavy sheets of solid gold over a very hard and strong composition metal, is elaborately hand engraved in exquisite designs; screw bezel and screw back; dust and damp proof.

**GUARANTEED 20 YEARS** by a binding guarantee as good as a government bond.

**30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER** Send us 50c deposit and we will send you one of these superb 20-year guaranteed genuine Waltham watches. O. O. by express, subject to examination. If you find it perfectly satisfactory, the equal of any jeweler's \$18 watches, and a far better and handsomer watch than you expected, pay the express agent the balance, \$6.97, and express charges. With the watch, we will send you a 30-day free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, we will instantly refund your \$7.47 and express charges. Order the watch today or SEND FOR OUR FREE SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOG, illustrating and pricing thousands of watches at \$1.00 and under.

**JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150 1st St., CHICAGO**

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**18 SIZE**

**DOUBLE BARREL HAMMERLESS**

**2,872 GUNS, all**

**have on hand, will be closed out at the heretofore unheard of price of \$8.95.**

Our special closing out price on these guns is \$8.95 with steel barrels, \$10.95 with genuine imported twist barrels, \$12.95 with genuine imported Damascus barrels; so in ordering be sure to state which is wanted. These guns come in 12-gauge only; barrel taper chokes, double barrel 12-gauge breech loading hammerless guns, you will know a HAMMERLESS GUN FOR USE IS WORTH TWICE AS MUCH AS A HAMMER GUN.

**THE CELEBRATED A. J. AUBREY HAMMERLESS DOUBLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOTGUN**, guaranteed one of the highest grade guns made in America, the equal of any hammerless double barrel gun you can buy elsewhere for \$30.00; made in our own factory at Meriden, Connecticut, and guaranteed the safest, best bolted, handiest, most proportioned and strongest shooting gun made in America, 12-gauge, very finest Army steel barrels, reinforced at breech, taper choke bored for smokeless or black powder, extension rib, quadruple automatic locking device, locking the rib to the frame, quadruple bolt and locking action, full plate locks, top snap break, finest automatic safety, interchangeable parts, the greatest gun value ever offered; worth twice as much as any gun you can buy elsewhere at double our price; has selected walnut stock, full checked, full pistol grip, full checked and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade modern improvement of every other high grade gun made; combines the good qualities of every other high grade AMERICAN GUN, with the defects of none.

**OUR GREAT FREE OFFER.** Use for from one to three months, state from what gun you would like to enclose our special price, or if you prefer, enclose only \$1.00. In which case we will send the gun to you by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if it is not perfect, return it to us at once, and we will refund your \$1.00. If you are satisfied, we will send you the gun at our special price, and we will also send you a 30-day free trial offer. If you find it perfectly satisfactory, the equal of any jeweler's \$18 watches, and a far better and handsomer watch than you expected, pay the express agent the balance, \$6.97, and express charges. With the watch, we will send you a 30-day free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, we will instantly refund your \$7.47 and express charges. Order the watch today or SEND FOR OUR FREE SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOG, illustrating and pricing thousands of watches at \$1.00 and under.

**WE FURNISH THIS A. J. Aubrey** hammerless double barrel breech loading shotgun with genuine Army steel barrels for \$13.85, or with Damascus grade, genuine imported Liege, for \$15.85, or with extra high grade, genuine Liege, two-blade Damascus barrels, for \$17.85.

**\$13.85 BUYS THIS**

**OUR FREE CATALOGUE OFFER.** If you don't order one of these guns at our special offer price, don't fail to write for our latest free gun catalogue. It contains full descriptions of all kinds of all sorts of guns, shotguns, rifles, revolvers, ammunition and sporting goods of all kinds at about one-half the price charged by others, free offers, new propositions, heretofore unheard of privileges, advantages never before known, will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free; so if you don't order one of these guns, don't fail to write for our latest FREE GUN CATALOGUE. Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO**



## MEN'S FINE SUIT \$4.95 AND EXTRA TROUSERS

**FUR COATS CHEAP**

To widely advertise our great tailoring shops and make our fine clothing and low prices famous, we will sell 12,000 men's suits of Fall and Winter weight NAVY BLUE WOOL CASSIMERE at \$4.95 each, and as a special premium and adv. we will give free with each suit a pair of extra trousers.

**The Suit** is the finest grade navy blue cassimere, in splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful drapings. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfectly, is guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers \$8.00 to \$10.00 suits, or any other. Sizes 33 to 48 in. breast.

**The Free Trousers** which we give with the suit at \$4.95 are made of beautiful dark fancy striped worsted, are very stylish, and are perfectly fitted. This is the most satisfactory and wonderful clothing offer ever made and we openly challenge any firm to equal it.

**Send \$1.00** deposit, give check, give address, and we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book which contains 160 fine cloth samples of ready-made and made to order suits at \$4.50 up; trousers \$1.25 up; overcoats \$4.50 up; and complete stocks of duck and sheep lined clothing, fur coats, mackintoshes, etc. They are elegant fabrics, from World Famous Woolen Mills, critically selected to suit every taste and every age. Order the outfit or write for the sample book to

**JOHN M. SMYTH CO.** 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

**MEN'S RICH BLACK WOOL \$5.48 FRIEZE OVERCOAT**

This elegant garment is cut and made in latest fall and winter style by expert overcoat makers of fine grade rich black wool, a heavy fast color material of firm fine texture, and beautiful finish. It's a real proof, wind proof and will wear like buckskin. Made in swell single breasted fly front style, elegant tailored through shoulders, fine hand shaped black velvet collar, full notched lapels, three deep outside and one inside pocket, lined with satin and black, silk lined, finely quilted black Italian cloth, hangs gracefully, fits perfectly, guaranteed better in quality, style, finish and fit than any exclusive clothier's \$10 to \$12 overcoat, or no sale. Sizes from 34 to 50 chest measure, average length 48 in. Black only.

**Send \$1.00 Deposit**, give check, measure over vest, weight and height and we will send you this rich, black wool frieze overcoat by express subject to examination, you to pay the balance, \$4.48 and express charges to agent after you examine and try on the overcoat, a perfect fit, the greatest overcoat bargain you ever saw, and equal to any overcoat you have ever seen at \$10 to \$12 and as stylish and perfect fitting an overcoat as there is in your neighborhood, regardless of price, otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the overcoat today or write for our big cloth sample book of over 160 samples of elegant cloth for overcoats at \$4.50 up, Ulsters \$6.00 up, Suits \$4.50 up, Trousers \$1.25 up, and enormous stocks of sheep lined clothing, fur coats, mackintoshes, etc. Everything at wholesale factory prices.

**JOHN M. SMYTH CO.** 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

**SURE - POP!!**

No doubt about it. Don't miss it. We made it and heavily plated. Every man in the land should have one. A perfect charm. To quickly introduce our new Ink Cartridges we give this handsome present absolutely free to every one answering this advertisement. We also send by mail a full box of Cartridges all sent by mail, securely packed, ready for use. Enclose 10 cts. silver or stamp, to help pay packing, mailing, etc. If you wish to take advantage of this princely offer you must send at once as this advt. will not appear again.

**INVENTOR'S CO. 27 Third Ave., New York City, Dept. 62.**

**WATCHES ON CREDIT**

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR FREE CATALOG. It tells how we sell genuine Elgin and Waltham Watches in Gold cases, and Solid Gold Jewelry everywhere for only

**\$2 DOWN AND \$2 A MONTH**

**SPECIAL This Month, \$22 Watch \$18**

Genuine Elgin or Waltham with Ruby Jewels and fine 30 year guaranteed gold case. A 15 Jewel same case only \$14.

All goods sent prepaid on approval. No security or interest. Only safe way to buy a good watch, because you wear it while paying for it.

**HARRIS-GOAR CO. KANSAS CITY**

**Makes Fat Vanish**

We have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kress Treatment that we decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments. A reduction of 5 pounds a week guaranteed. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. Perfectly harmless. Easy and quick results. Don't take our word for it: we will prove it to you at our own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject it costs you nothing. Address: Dr. Bruley Co., Dept. 206 W. 41 West 25th Street, New York City.

## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending \$5.00 (5 cents in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT) thus obtaining the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER, Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

J. C. W.—We think that the Courts of your own State cannot obtain jurisdiction in the matter you mention without service of process upon the persons against whom you have the claim within the State, except that, if they have property within the State, you might be able to reach that by attachment. Perhaps if you communicated with some reliable lawyer or collection agency in the State, where the people who owe you the money live, they might take an assignment of your claim and bring suit in the name of the assignee, but in case this was done and your debtor contested the suit it would be necessary for either you or someone else familiar with the goods to be present at the trial and testify as to their value, as otherwise your suit would fall for lack of proof. It is quite possible that they might settle the case without the necessity of a trial, if you placed your claim in the hands of a lawyer or collection agency in their vicinity and they thought you meant to proceed against them.

J. P. B.—We are of the opinion that your mother upon her death had a legal right to dispose of, by her will, such property as belonged to her individually, but that such as she had only a life estate in, or such as she had only in her physical possession but to which she had no legal title, she could not dispose of. We know of no way for you to recover the property, you say you own but which is in the possession of others, without bringing any legal proceedings, unless the persons who have possession of the property are willing to turn it over, to you voluntarily. The law does not operate of itself, but will wait until you either set it in operation or forfeit your rights by your own neglect.

Miss E. L. K.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, undue influence would be a ground, if fully established, to upset the validity of a will. The property of a decedent is divided according to the terms of their last valid will, but, if they leave no valid will, according to the intestacy laws. (2) The daughter who has supported and taken care of your aged mother might establish a claim against her estate for such care and attention; the statute of limitation would run against such a claim in six years; a written agreement would not be absolutely essential to establish such a claim. (3) If your mother is not competent to attend to her own business, the Court, upon application made to it, will appoint a committee of her property and the committee will take charge of her business. (4) Under no consideration should you commit the act you mention in withholding the money, received in payment of the property, from the person entitled to receive it; the Criminal Courts deal with such acts as that in a very summary manner.

Mrs. C. A. B.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we do not think that the wife's signature is necessary to a purchase-money mortgage. (2) We think that, in case of a default in the payment of your mortgage, it will be necessary for you to bring the regular foreclosure action and that your estimate of the time such an action would take is a pretty good estimate.

Reuben T.—An examination of the charter of the mining company you mention would be necessary for us to tell whether the stock is assessable or not; unless otherwise provided for in the charter, we think perhaps the stock can be assessed.

C. H.—We are of the opinion that the man you mention could not be tried a second time after his acquittal upon the first trial for the crime you mention. The fundamental reasons why this is so would be too exhaustive a subject for us to go into in this column; we do not undertake to explain the reasons for the enactment of the various laws, but simply to give our opinion on the construction of the various laws as we find them in force. (2) We do not think so. In some States the property and educational qualifications practically disfranchise them.

Rose.—There are a number of ways in which the two brothers you mention can adjust and divide the partnership property they own. You have not in your communication to us made the details of the plan of settlement you mention quite plain enough for us to understand, and we think that as the matter is a very important one a lawyer should be employed to draw the necessary papers, as this is very important that in all matters pertaining to real estate the greatest caution should be exercised in order to keep the title to the property clear of any defect. We do not see how the wife of the one brother can take any action in the matter; he should be the one to set himself and should for his children's sake try to have the matter straightened out.

J. W.—We are of the opinion that the funeral expenses of the man who died a valid claim against his estate, and could be collected from his estate. If, as we understand from your letter, this claim was not paid, we think the undertaker had a legal right to impress his claim upon the real estate of the decedent and have the same sold, and the heirs of the estate would be powerless to defeat the collection of his claim, unless, of course, there was some irregularity in the legal proceedings he may have taken to enforce his claim. Just claims against a decedent's estate are legally preferred before the rights of an heir to the property of the estate.

W. A. B.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that the real estate, provided it was not inherited from the father, belonging to the child you mention would, upon the death of the child, go to the mother to the exclusion of the brother or sisters of the half-blood, except, of course, unless a different disposition was made of the property by the child's will, or in case he or she left descendants, in which case they would inherit the property.

J. V.—We do not think you can recover the money you paid your friend, although he may have made himself liable to punishment for his act.

B. J. F.—As near as we can understand from your statements, we think it is very doubtful if the mortgage you executed is a valid one, but we think it wiser for you to pay than to dispute the judgment of it, as, from your statement to us, we fear you have made yourself liable to serious criminal prosecution.

Mrs. G. M.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that, if the real estate is owned by the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, upon the death of one the whole property goes to the survivor absolutely; (2) that a will, if legally executed, no matter where made is good. (3) We do not think that the written document is necessary to convey title to the article of furniture you mention, provided it is taken of the same. (4) We think that, if the man you mention should reside in the State you mention at the time of his death, and should leave no will, his widow would receive from his personal estate one third, if there be also issue, and if there be no issue, one half; and from his real estate the income on one third for life if there be issue, and if there be no issue, one half for life. This last, of course, does not apply to such real estate as is held, as you say jointly, but what we, as in legal phraseology, call as tenants by the entirety, as such property does not go into and form a part of his estate, as it is vested before death in the survivor of the husband and wife.

M. J. L. and W. B.—To claim money and to legally substantiate the claim are two different things; we do not think that if the man you mention should properly defend any action his brothers or sisters should bring against him for the money his father paid him for taking care of him, they could prohibit their claiming they are entitled to some of it. In case they should bring an action against him for any of this money, he should defend the action.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

preciate your kind expressions of sympathy. I haven't walked in thirteen long weary years. Rheumatism is the cause of my affliction. My life is sometimes very lonely. I would be glad to be remembered in any way on Aug. 9. I am twenty-seven years old.

Miss VIRILLA SEVANN, Sprott, R. F. D., 2, Ala.

DEAR SISTERS:

I enjoy this corner and have often wished I could be of some help to you all. Now I have a chance, as I have cured my little boy of enlarged tonsils, with a very simple remedy. He suffered greatly from asthmatic breathing, and at one time we had grave fears for the future.

As I have lost six of my eight dear children, and pity all these helpless little sufferers, I will gladly answer all mothers who write and inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

I have nothing to sell, but cannot afford to pay postage on all letters.

At present I am a shut-in, and would be pleased to receive letters from different parts of the country.

Mrs. GEO. STACKHOUSE, 352 N. Mill St., Massillon, Ohio.

**Comforting Hints of All Sorts**

To prevent thin material being dragged by the sewing machine put a strip of thickish paper under it. When sewn this will easily tear away.

White spots may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a polish of alcohol, olive oil and cider vinegar.

When boiling eggs put on the lid of the saucepan and the eggs will have a much finer flavor.

**Bags for Brooms**

A string should be run in each and tied around the handle of the broom. Thus covered the broom will be found very useful in wiping down walls, high windows and also polished floors. The bags may be easily washed out and dried before use. Linen is often used for these covers but is not equal to flannel.

The tall vase so adapted for long-stemmed flowers has one deplorable defect; it is certain to be top heavy, and when you least expect it, over it topples and disaster follows. Fill the bottom of the vase with about two inches of shot and you will have no more trouble.

Copper is excellent for kitchen use, but much time must be expended in keeping it clean.

To remove spots from the boys' suits thoroughly rub them with benzine and put out in the air afterward to take out the smell.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25)

## Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

**\$1 SOLID GOLD 12c**

PATENT SIGNET RING. Warranted three years. Initial engraved FREE. Sent with Premium List for 12c. SHELL NOVELTY CO., Dept. C P 43 Chambers Street, New York.

**Farmers' Sons Wanted** with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.

**FREE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD** By America's Eminent Astrologer, Clairvoyant, to introduce my work—The Best of All—Please try me and see. ST. JOE, Ind., 12 SHELTON STREET, CHICAGO. SEND BIRTHDATE AND STAMP. KNOW YOURSELF.

**150 NEW SONGS AND MUSIC FREE**



**OUR FREE OFFER:** Send us TEN CENTS in stamps for a 6 months subscription to the best young people's magazine published, THE JUNIOR AMERICAN, and we will send the entire collection of songs listed above, with 12 complete pieces of Music for Piano or Organ. This is the biggest music offer ever made. We guarantee you will be more than pleased. Address plainly, THE STAR CO., Publishers, Dept. C.F., DES MOINES, IOWA.

**SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.**

**Wise Words to Sufferers**

**From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.**

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

**TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS:** I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell you that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

**Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.**

## PENNYWASH

A FAMILY WASHING IN 30 MINUTES FOR 1 PENNY

**NO BOILING NO RUBBING**

**THROW AWAY WASHBOARD, BOILER & MACHINE**

Absolutely harmless. Can be used in hard and soft water; saves money, bad temper, lame backs; cleans and purifies everything washable; saves coal and gas.

**AGENTS** beg for it. Send only 10c. for package and Big Special Offer, \$5 for 75c. Your Profit, \$4.25.

Pennywash Co. 1920 H Park Ave., New York

**DEPILINE**

TAKE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR OFF CLEAN

Applied in one minute. Hair off in two to four minutes. Cleans skin soft, clear and clean. Recommended by physicians. Guaranteed under U. S. Drug Laws. Mailed in sealed wrappers. \$1.00 per jar. Samples, 5c.

**THE ST. LUKE REMEDIES CO.**

Free Booklet 158 W. 24th St., New York.

**BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS.**

20 Popular songs with words and music; 20 verses of adventure, 20 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks, 20 Pictures of the Presidents, 20 Ways to Make Money, 1 Great Book, 1 Book on Love and Courtship, 1 Book on Magic, 1 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Book on Ball Book, give rules for all popular games, 100 Centimeters, 50 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cents. Address:

**J. H. PIKE, Box 53, So. Norwalk, Conn.**

**Pain Paint**

Return this with 50 one-cent stamps and I will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint.

Wolcott's Pain Paint is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all pains, with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint stops pain instantly; removes Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns no blister. A spoonful takes four times a day like Dysentery. Sold 40 years by agents.

**W. L. WOLCOTT, Wolcott Building, New York.**

**FREE WATCH AND MONEY**

EASILY MADE

by boys who will represent us in your town selling our watches. We sell the best time telling watches in the world. Class weekly paper, the Saturday Times. We start you up in business and furnish you a supply of watches. We pay you a commission in money every week and also give FREE A GOLD FINISH stem wind and stem set WATCH, which is a fine time keeper to every boy who sells a supply of papers for 25 weeks. Only an hour's work Friday or Saturday. COSTS YOU NOTHING.

TO TRY we send the papers free and if you can't sell them they can be returned and you owe us nothing. We give exclusive agency. Start right in boys and let us hear from you at once. MANAGER, Dept. D, 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**TALKING MACHINE AND 36 \$9.00**

X. P. COLUMBIA RECORDS.

The 36 Records alone would cost you \$9.00.

Write today for our great special Talking Machine Catalog and read all about this wonderful offer and see the marvelous bargains we give in every other machine at \$16.75. Columbia talking machine exhibition outfit at \$14.25. Best graphophone needles at 35c a thousand, and horns, cranes, record cabinets and all other supplies at correspondingly low prices. If you already have a talking machine then write for our Special Record Catalog it's right up to date, contains all the latest selections. Best cylinder records 25c. Best record 10-inch disc records 25c. All makes Columbia, Edison, Victor, Etc.

**JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-151 West CHICAGO.**



## FREE SILVER SPOONS.



We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these spoons is new and very attractive and we have forks of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these spoons. Send us your address and we will send you a set of six spoons. For a club of 5 you can earn a dozen spoons. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## 100 POST CARDS FREE

## ELEGANT COLORED CARDS

The Publishers of this paper have just received a very large assortment of beautiful colored Post Cards which they are going to give away for a very slight effort. Many of these cards are lithographed in six or eight different colors and they comprise the finest lot of interesting subjects obtainable. We have Views of all the principal Cities in America and Europe, many historic spots, Views from all over the world. Then there are Motto Cards, Birthday Cards, Cats, Kittens, Dog and Animal Cards of all kinds; Battleships, Maritime Cards, Sentimental and Love Cards, Religious and Verse Cards, and beautiful Holiday Cards; in fact every sort of card you can imagine, all printed in fine quality. Many of our subscribers get up small clubs of subscriptions and secure these cards free. They then sell some of the cards to friends as they don't cost you anything but a few moments' time talking about this fine monthly.

**CLUB OFFER.** If you get a yearly subscription to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send you 10 Assorted Post Cards Free, and 25 for a club of 4; or for a Club of 7 Subscribers at 15 cents, we will send One Hundred Post Cards Free. Address, giving name of this paper, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**CHASED AND PLAIN BAND RINGS.** In the newest designs of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. These are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

**A CHILD'S GOLD-LINED SILVER MUG.** Quadruple Plated Ware, Protected Enamel Finish, will not tarnish and is so strong and durable that a baby or child cannot ruin it while playing with it. Handsome embossed decoration, leaves, buds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handle just large enough for baby's hands.

**FOUNTAIN PEN.** Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost \$2.50 or \$3.00 owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has been put in. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good quality Pen with a glass filler, a regular fountain pen outfit.

**PAIR OF SHEARS.** Made of steel, eight inches in length, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any other. Many household shears and any woman can appreciate this quality in her shears. For dressmaking, home work of any kind, school teachers, office-work, paper hangers, stores and any and everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.

**YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE.** The two-blade Chain Pocket Knife made of the finest English Steel with Cocobolo handles of the best selection with long steel chain. The two blades are full sized. This lean American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner, is three and three quarters inches long, fully warranted, and we will replace it if not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are free from flaws and will last a lifetime.

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of eight is a very popular quantity. Many send eight subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only eight yearly 15-cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**AIR RIFLE.** Pneumatic action. A New Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be loaded anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksmen's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

**WEDDING RING.** A suitable ring for the wedding occasion. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate that wears a long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only eight yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## SIX NINE-INCH DOILIES

Finished Complete For Use.

These Doilies are entirely made in the finest manner, white linen-like material, machine embroidered with wide braid made of mercerized flax; being nine inches in diameter they can be used for many purposes and one never has enough of pretty fancy work pieces around the house to decorate Tables, Mantels etc. with. The material is very durable and the effect of the scalloped edge is charming, the diamond shaped cut out parts around the inner circle giving the good and tasty housekeeper.

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of Two yearly Subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each we will send two of these finished doilies FREE, or for a club of Five yearly Subscribers at 15 cents each we will send a half dozen doilies post paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Designs on Linen



This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Book-mark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Doily, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.

**Special Offer.** As a special inducement we will give you one of these Outfits if you will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send post paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.



**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A Greater COMFORT in November

As you will notice we begin "CHARLIE'S FORTUNE," by Oliver Optic, in this month's issue of COMFORT, and we are sure this thrilling story will prove very interesting to each and every reader of COMFORT, as it is designed to please both young and old.

## Mary J. Holmes' Story Next Month

In our next issue, which will be of 32 pages and the greatest and best number ever printed, we will begin "THE HEIRESS OF BEECHWOOD," by Mrs. Holmes. This is one of the best stories ever written by this noted and famous author of clean fiction, and none should miss the first installment or fail to read the story to the end.

## Another New Story in November Also

Besides these new stories, all the regular interesting departments will be maintained, as well as the continuation of the popular Augusta Evans Wilson story, "A Speckled Bird," and the other choice fiction that is now running in COMFORT.

Don't fail to keep your subscription paid up, so as to enjoy everything that will be given to the COMFORT subscriber who does not let his subscription expire. This Fall is the time to get up Clubs and earn a nice Premium, and we invite you to look over our Special Club Offers printed in this paper and also send for our New Premium List, giving you all the best offers for club-getting work.

## 14 Months' Subscription 15 Cents

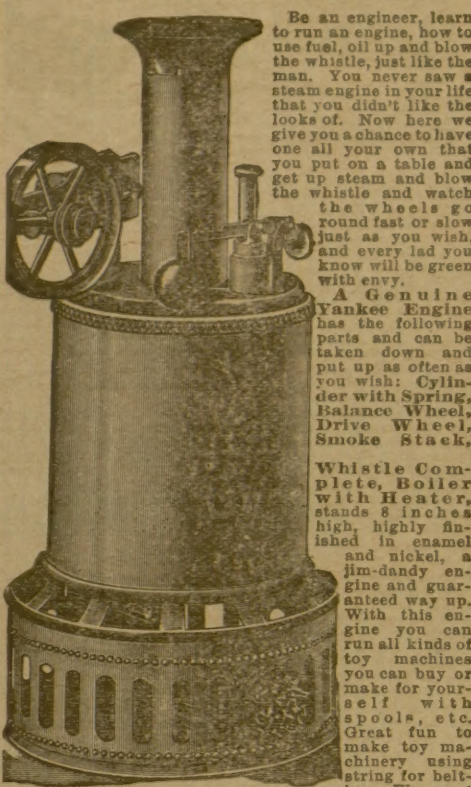
You will not want your subscription to cease now that we have begun all these stories and are to commence so many others right away; so if the number on the wrapper in which you receive this copy of COMFORT is 228 or less, you should renew at once, sending 15 cents to January, 1909, otherwise you will be without COMFORT. So if you accept now and renew you get 14 months' subscription for 15 cents.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.  
For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT as paid until January, 1909.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Oct. '07.

## Real Steam Engine FREE.

EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.



Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every lad you know will be green with envy.

A Genuine Yankee Engine has the following parts and can be taken down and put up as often as you wish: Cylinder with Spring, Balance Wheel, Drive Wheel, Smoke Stack, Whistle Complete, Boiler with Heater, stands 8 inches high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a jim-dandy engine and guaranteed way up.

With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for yourself with spoons, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery using string for belt- ing. We want every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscribers one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this paper at the special subscription rate of 15 cents a year. This small club of eight, amounting to \$1.20, pays for the full subscription for the 8 addresses and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A Big Teddy Bear FREE

Stuffed and Jointed Stands Over Foot and a Quarter High, Indestructible, Sits Down Like a Real Bear.



All children like to hug a Teddy Bear. These Bears are having a great rage all over the world. Their fame is as great in Paris and London as it is in New York and Chicago. The regular Teddy Bears all made up and sold at the stores cost from Two to Ten Dollars, each. These new Teddy Bears are made of very strong material and are sewed up and stuffed with cotton same as the Big Baby Dolls. The Teddy Bear is loved by all girls as well as boys, and are thus much more popular than dolls for all children to play with. They all want to hug and squeeze them, as they are easy enough for any child to carry around with them, take to bed and sleep with, or tumble Teddy around and knock him down without harm, these are so light and strong. These Bears with more or less cotton you can make them small or large, and many get three of them so to have the Large Bear, the Middle Size Bear and the wee Little Bear—same as Mother Goose describes—and the last jingle is "Mary had a little lamb, it followed her everywhere—now it's hid up in the rafters for she has a Teddy Bear." Do not fail to get at least one Bear. They are embossed on heavy muslin—cinnamon brown color—and look just like a great Big Bear for all the world. There is nothing that will keep the children more quiet, or amuse old and young, more than these great Big Bears. Subscription to this paper and Bear 20c.

**Club Offer.** We will send one Big Bear, all charges paid, for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each. Three Bears for a club of 5 subscriptions. Remember, they are each 15 inches high, very nicely colored, on very heavy, strong muslin, so they will stand lots of hard usage, being as nearly indestructible as can be made. If you can't get up the club send 20 cents for year's subscription to this paper and get a Bear Free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A GENUINE RICHTER

Every person knows that the Richter is the popular standard of harmonica. These imported Harmonicas are better and better each year. This Highland Band instrument is of such great superiority over the usual harmonica we know it will give universal satisfaction and increase a demand for harmonicas.

**MUSIC, MONEY & PUZZLE.** A four-inch cylinder Harmonica, a Coin Holder and a Puzzle all in one. The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior in many ways to an ordinary harmonica, owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly encased in the metal cylinder. In addition to being a first-class Musical Organ, it has combined with it a cute Six-spot Puzzle and a Coin Holder, for cars and small change. Five pieces of money can be placed in this and the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

**POCKET TALKING MACHINE.** A fun maker that beats all. Carry one of these Mary's phone talkers around in your pocket and you will have fun and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend stretching his neck to break the eleven cent commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and after you announce "Hello," a few times, the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking machine is a new and clever device for reproducing the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to startle people who are the least bit nervous, or have a dislike for the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made article, can be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere.

**THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER.** A marvelous invention. Its answers to your questions are quickly given. It replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know. If you ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the unseen breath. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others.

**A GREAT BIG BOX FULL OF Pretty Venetian Beads in Great Many Sizes and Shapes.** In this assortment you will find sufficient quantity of like beads to make several useful and stylish articles for personal use. Many persons have developed such skill and taste with beads that they can now make beautiful imitation Indian relics, such as a child's dress or chain of beads with ornaments of beads of varied color, of a wampum necklace of large sized beads. The outfit to make these various articles is chiefly a box of our beads, some strong linen thread and a needle, and they will amuse children for months. This great variety of beads, nearly seven hundred, is packed in a neat, round, wooden box with cover that fits securely so the beads are not likely to ever be spilled.

**DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY.** These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and are so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red cheeks and black shoes make them very attractive for a baby or young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off in the eye; the baby punch in the eye; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different dolls in their family. Bright inventors have made these dolls have been at work for years trying to perfect low price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The dolls shown in our catalog are a most wonderful result of long weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any shape for all time. Will last 10 years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before.

**THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER.** A marvelous invention. Its answers to your questions are quickly given. It replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know. If you ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the unseen breath. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others.

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Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, at 15 cents each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.







## Comfort Sisters' Corner

## Comforting Hints of All Sorts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

## A Neuralgia Cure

Make a plaster of the white of an egg and black pepper and bind it to the left temple. I've suffered a great deal from neuralgia and that is the only thing I ever got to relieve me. It is simple, try it, those of you who have neuralgia. Miss ELLA PURDON, Cofer, Miss.

Thoroughly soap the bottom of each vessel before setting it directly over the fire and they will become clean much easier.

MRS. MATTIE WHITTLE, East Lake, Tenn.

Finger marks on doors should be rubbed with a cloth wrung out of hot water and dipped in whiting. Rinse and dry thoroughly, rubbing until the polish is restored.

Drinking water should always be boiled. To prevent its tasting flat, pour the water quickly from one jug into another, holding it high so that the air may pass through the water.

Brushes that have been used for paint can be cleansed with turpentine. Alcohol will remove varnish.

The shine that shows on a serge skirt or jacket to be no longer new can easily be removed by sponging the garment with bluing water, such as is used to launder clothes; while still damp, press the part under a thin cloth.

Pudding bags and jelly cloths require care. Wash and hang them to dry directly after

using them. Air them well before putting them away, or they will smell musty.

Frost may be kept from the window panes by rubbing the glass with a thin coating of pure glycerine.

Newspapers or padding should be placed under a carpet every time it is taken up.

A tablespoonful of vinegar put into a paraffine lamp or stove that smells or smokes will cause it to burn with a clear light, and prevent it from smoking.

Utensils made of the popular aluminum must never be washed with soda, or their appearance will be hopelessly ruined.

Fine china plates, saucers and sauce dishes whether decorated or not, should have pads between them when piled. If white felt circles

are not available, squares of ordinary blotting-paper will answer the purpose.

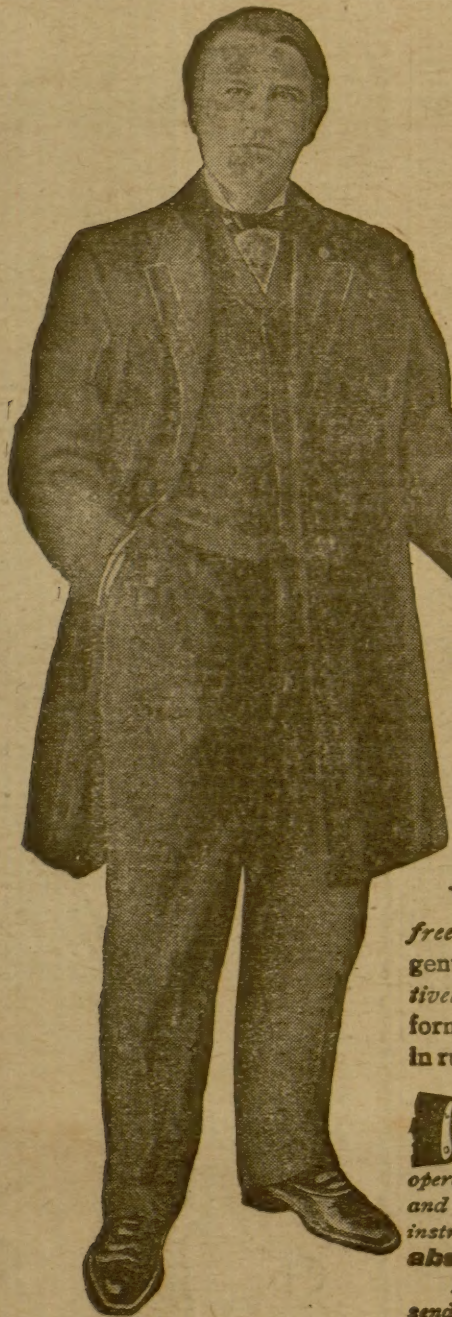
A small lump of yellow soap or a few soap shavings placed in a mouse hole will keep the mouse from reappearing.

If too much bluing is put in the water in which clothes are rinsed, add a little household ammonia.

Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against.

Keep the roots of the celery plant dry, and grate them and mix the powder with one third as much salt. Keep in a bottle well corked. This is delicious in soups, gravies, and hashes.

Whiting or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap, for cleaning windows or paint.



# Mr. Edison Says:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American home."

The Phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. Though he has invented hundreds of other wonderful patents he has retained his interest only in the Phonograph Company, of which he owns practically every share of stock. Mr. Edison knows of the wonderful pleasure his instrument has provided and is providing in thousands of homes.

## A New Style Edison Phonograph Out This Month!

The latest perfected product of Mr. Edison's factory. The New Outfit No. 5 just out! Latest improvements—new features—exclusive points of superiority!

**See It—Hear It!** Get this remarkable instrument in your own home—then you will see how far superior this is to the ordinary talking machine—far superior even to the fine Edison Machines you have heard heretofore.

## FREE TRIAL

While this Offer lasts every responsible person can get on free trial a genuine Edison Phonograph Outfit, including 12 Edison genuine gold-moulded records, direct from us to your home: positively not a cent in advance—no deposit—no bother with C. O. D.—no formality of any kind. We allow 48 hours' free trial at your home; and in rural districts up to a week if necessary for convenience of patrons.

**Try the Instrument** in your home, play the stirring waltzes, the two-steps, concert pieces, minstrel dialogs, old-fashioned hymns and other religious music, beautiful vocal solos, operatic airs and other beautiful Edison gold-moulded records. Play all these, and if then you do not care to keep this wonderful Edison outfit, send the instrument back at our expense—and we will charge you absolutely nothing for the trial.

If you decide to keep this wonderful outfit (and we know you will) you may send cash in full after trial or pay on easiest terms, just as you prefer.

# \$2.00 a Month

Now Pays For a Genuine Edison Phonograph Outfit

Machine and 1 dozen genuine Edison gold-moulded records.—Less than \$1 a week for the finest outfit—the great Edison outfit No. 5—and at surprising rock-bottom price without even interest on payments.

### For Cash In Full

So many cash purchasers are taking advantage of this opportunity to secure direct the finest Edison outfits that we are often asked what discount we can allow for cash. We are obliged again to say that we can give no cash discount, as we have allowed the lowest possible price to those who buy on time and we must treat all the Edison customers alike.

**This Easy-Payment Offer** places a genuine Edison Phonograph—long known as the luxury of the rich—within reach of everyone—and because we charge only the lowest net cash prices without interest on monthly payments, the rich are also taking advantage of this modern method of saving and are buying Edison outfits on the EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

**HERE** is a picture of the finest Edison Outfit—New Outfit No. 5—which is recognized as the best Phonograph Outfit in the world. The cabinet is 12¼ by 8¾ inches and 10¾ inches high and the beautiful new tulip horn is more than 2½ feet long and over 7 feet in circumference. We offer this remarkable outfit on

free trial to all responsible parties because we know that after trial hardly anybody ever returns an Edison Outfit. When trying it you will see at once the vast superiority of the genuine Edison, particularly our new special latest style tulip horn Edison Outfit over ordinary talking machines; you and your family and everybody that calls at your house will be more than pleased—constantly amused and entertained and you would not part with the instrument if it costs twice or three times what we ask.

## SIGN Your Name and Address

plainly with pencil or pen and ink on this Free Coupon, clip or tear it out, place it in an envelope and mail it to us. You will receive free by return mail our beautiful Edison catalog and circular describing in full the wonderful Edison Phonographs. You may take any outfit on a trial. Write today. Don't delay. Remember—you pay nothing for a Free Trial, and if you do not want the instrument after you have given it a 48 hours' trial in your home you may return it at our expense. You do not have to pay one cent down, you do not have to make a guarantee and we charge no C. O. D.—Be the first in your town—write right now.

**Edison Phonograph Distributors**  
F. K. Babson, Vice-President  
Edison Building, Suite 2137 Chicago, Ill.

Thomas A. Edison

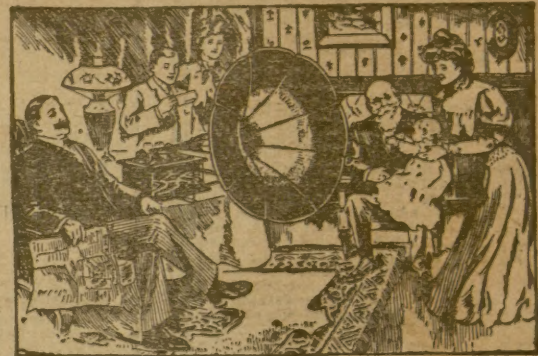
The Editor of this paper urges his readers to consider this offer. This offer is so straightforward and I know it to be exactly as represented. Just think! A genuine Edison phonograph and 12 genuine Edison records for \$2 a month. And a free trial besides before you pay in. Write now.

Without any obligation on the part of the reader, please send at once to me free of charge, a copy of the Edison catalog and full explanation of the free trial and payment plan.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
You need not bother with a letter just mail this coupon.

## Lots of Fun with an Edison Phonograph

This wonderful instrument has been termed, and rightly, too, the "king of entertainers". There is absolutely no one old or young who is not amused and delighted by this greatest invention of the "WIZARD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY". As Mr. Edison has well said, no American Home should be without a phonograph.



Look at the happy home scene depicted above. At this very moment there are thousands of homes in the United States where you might find just such scenes as these.

The baby, as you see, is filled with delight at the deep, human sounds which come from the big horn of the phonograph. Grandpa is as much pleased as the baby. Every member of the family is happy. Don't you want to bring just such scenes into your own home?



There are 1,500 Edison Records. Think of it! Fifteen hundred different "acts" which may be given on an Edison. The greatest pianist in the world doesn't know 1,500 pieces.

Think of the many delightful programmes you could make up. Let us suppose you want to have a dance. Place the phonograph in one end of the room, take up the carpets or rugs and begin. You don't have to wait for any fiddler and you don't have to pay him \$3 for his work either.

Here is an illustration of what you may do when your friends call: One likes a comic song. Out comes a record filled by one of the best known minstrels of the day. Everybody applauds, and while the hand clapping is going on you slip in a Sousa march and watch the listeners straighten up. Another asks for a dialog between two "cupid gem's," some one else wants one of Melba's selections, and still another wants a ringing "Cohan" tune. The applause becomes deafening and you are the hero or the heroine of the whole neighborhood. Thus can the concerts go on night after night. Any boy or girl can learn in five minutes how to play the Edison phonograph.

And on Sunday you may have sacred music of the very highest quality.

And don't forget that you may secure records of every member of the family. These will keep for years and years, and after the dear ones have departed their voices will be with you still. Let Grandpa talk into the horn and then listen to his exact words as they come from the phonograph a moment later. Let the baby talk into the horn and the same miracle is repeated.

The Editor.

